WEEK ENDING OCT. 18 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue:

CAN A WALLFLOWER COME BACK? *By One of Them*

At Exactly Open Car Cost $1500

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The Improved Hudson Coach
The Easiest Steering and Riding Hudson Ever Built

This Hudson Coach is the first closed car ever to sell at exactly open car cost. And Hudson, alone, can build it. As the largest producer of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, Hudson exclusively holds the advantages to create this car and this price.

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Why Buy an Open Car?

The very women who supposed they knew - . . . *have been the most grateful for these enlightening facts*

IF ever there was need for frank *scientific* facts and up-to-date information on the subject of feminine hygiene, it is needed now. No one can say how much harm has been done in the past, and still is being done, by the widespread use of highly poisonous chemicals as personal antiseptics. Women have long been led to believe that bichloride of mercury, cresol and carbolic acid compounds, when diluted with water, were perfectly safe to use. As a matter of fact, much careful study in recent years by eminent specialists on the subject has shown that just the opposite is true.

Too vital a matter for guess-work

Here is a recent statement, by one of the country's leading physicians, which represents the *modern* opinion of medical authorities everywhere.

• •

"In connection with the universal and necessary practice of personal hygiene, powerful and poisonous chemicals such as bichloride of mercury, phenol (carbolic acid) and cresol compounds are a real menace in more ways than one. When dissolved or diluted with the usual amount of water, their highly destructive effect on sensitive tissues is only reduced—it is *not* eliminated. Their continued use as personal antiseptics is unquestionably harmful and very commonly results in an insidious, gradual hardening of the membranes with which they come in contact. Not infrequently an area of scar-tissue develops. When diluted to the point where they are harmless to tissue they have very little of their original germ-killing power."

The unfortunate part of it is that *until very recently* science has been unable to offer any other effective means of protection against germ life. Little wonder, then, that thousands and thousands of women have welcomed as a godsend the news that at last there is an antiseptic much more powerful than pure carbolic acid yet absolutely *non-poisonous* and harmless to human tissues. It is called Zonite and it has ushered in

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Zonite—though *non-poisonous*—is a much more powerful germ-killer than any *safe* dilution of cresol, phenol or bichloride of mercury. It is at least *fifty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. It is being used regularly in millions of homes and in leading hospitals the country over. Women everywhere are adopting it and throwing deadly poisons out of their homes. Thousands who supposed they were using the best antiseptic for feminine hygiene have invariably been grateful for the knowledge that science has at last produced something better *and absolutely safe* as well.

Authentic information for the modern woman

When comfort, health and peace of mind are involved—as they are in the practice of hygiene—the woman of today wants explicit, detailed information on the subject. And that is just what there is in the new and dainty booklet "Feminine Hygiene," prepared by our Women's Division. What wouldn't the woman of a generation ago have given for its many helpful and enlightening suggestions! Hundreds of requests for it are being received every day. It is daintily arranged and beautifully printed. You can obtain your copy *—addressed to you in a tasteful, "social correspondence" envelope*—by simply filling out the coupon now and mailing it today. Without knowing the scientific *facts* which it contains, no woman can claim to be really well-informed.

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OCT. 18, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE DEFENSE OF OUR LIBERTIES.

What would happen if Congress or one of the legislatures of a State should pass a law declaring that the Roman Catholic Church, or the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the Baptist or Presbyterian Church is the official church of the United States, and that no citizen may hold any other religious belief?

That law, as we all know, would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the nation or by the Supreme Court of the State in which the law was passed.

What would happen if Congress or one of the State legislatures should pass a law providing that no one should criticize any public official; or that no newspaper or book should be published without the consent of a government official or committee of Congress or the Legislature; or that citizens should not be permitted to assemble, however peacefully, to petition for a redress of any grievance?

Such a law would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the nation or by the Supreme Court of the State in which it was passed.

What would happen if Congress or a State Legislature should pass a law declaring that no person charged with a crime should have the right to trial by a jury of his fellow citizens, or that he should have no right to counsel?

That law would also be declared unconstitutional by the courts and so would a law providing that a citizen's property may be taken for a public use without just compensation established in an impartial proceeding, or a law fixing an excessive sum as bail or apply a cruel or unusual punishment.

But, there are political leaders who profess to be friends of human liberty and progress, who propose to deprive the Supreme Court of the power to declare such laws unconstitutional, provided Congress passes them again after they have been declared unconstitutional by the court.

It is argued that Congress will always respect these rights of the individual asserted in our constitution.

Experience refutes this argument. That is why the founders of this republic gave the protection of our civil rights to a separate and co-ordinate branch of government. The purpose of the founders was to protect the individual in the enjoyment of his rights as against any agency of government, whether executive or legislative, for they knew from experience that a parliament or legislative body could and would oppress as well as a monarch or other executive. And subsequent experience proved the founders were right.

The American system of liberty is founded on the principle that there are certain rights of the individual of which he may not be deprived even by the will of a majority. That principle is the most precious of our possessions as a free people, and the proposal to deprive the Supreme Court of its power to defend it is a proposal to destroy it.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Words That Begin With K

This title may sound as though it has something to do with a cross word puzzle—but it hasn't. It's one of the snappiest short stories of the year. *Frank R. Adams,* the author, has jammed it full of wit, adventure, beauty and romance.

ELISABETH COBB

The gift of humor must be hereditary. *Elisabeth Cobb,* daughter of *Irvin S. Cobb,* has contributed a short story entitled *The Golf Bride.* And you don't have to be a golfer to enjoy the story.

What's the best weapon for dispersing an unruly element gathered in violation of the law? Is it a funny story, clubs, bayonets, or guns? *Walter Davenport* has some revelations to make on this question in *Medicine for the Mob.*

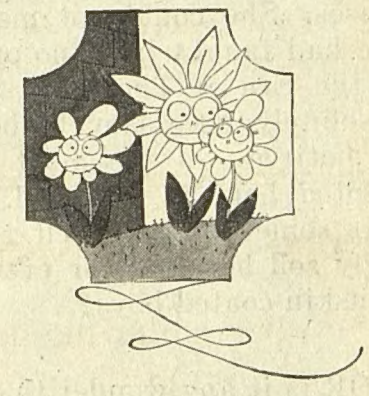
What is it that blasts so many honeymoon romances? And whose fault is it—bride or bridegroom? You'll be surprised at the "inside stories" of marital shipwreck recounted in *A Divorcee Tells the Truth,* by *Mary McBride.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor of Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in the United States and Great Britain.

CAN A WALLFLOWER COME BACK?

By One of Them

Pictures by Ralph Barton



WALLFLOWER—a person, esp. a woman, who remains by the wall as a spectator, as at a dance.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

"ESP. a woman!"

Old Noah Webster, of course, knew just as well as we do that in what Nicholas Murray Butler or somebody has aptly called "this man-made world" there is no "esp." about it—a wallflower is *always* a woman.

But there is that about this long and ugly word which makes even those persons who are usually only too willing, not to say eager, to call a spade a spade, balk at bandying it, as the saying goes, about.

Ordinarily, any full and frank discussion of this vital and thoroughly depressing subject is automatically stopped before it starts by the utter impossibility of getting anyone to admit that she has first-hand knowledge of it. But when the editor, with an old-world chivalry which we had hitherto thought obsolete, hesitated—ever so slightly, it's true, but even a little is a lot for an editor—to suggest this article to us, and began leading up to it gently by saying he knew that we knew that of course he understood perfectly that *we* understood perfectly that he knew we didn't know anything about wallflowers from personal experience, but, etc., etc., — well, we decided there was no use trying to laugh it off any longer and we just broke down and determined to tell all.

It will not be an easy thing to do, but inspired by the veritable orgy of truth-telling which prevails in our broad land, as it especially is during this presidential year, we are going to go through with it. We intend to tell the whole truth and nothing but about this wallflower business. Yessir, we are going to come clean! And let it be said of us that there is, at least, one woman in the world who dares admit she is a wallflower! Anonymously, of course.

For all our life we have been, not so much The Kind of a Girl That Men Forget as that far, far more pathetic creature, The Kind of a Girl Men Never Notice. We should like to describe to the reader just how it feels to be that kind of a girl, but we simply can't unless we have someone like General Dawes to help us. It's too terrible.

FOR years the author of this article smarted from masculine indifference. She tried almost every known road of popularity, without success. But now she thinks she has found the secret—and she is going to play it to the limit!

We simply wanted to be one of those splendid, hail-fellow-well-met, "pal-y" girls with muscle-bound walks and loud, husky voices.

And what makes us especially bitter is that we cannot believe it has been entirely our fault. We are not bad looking. Our face may not be the kind that launches a thousand ships, but, on the other hand, it isn't the kind that would sink them, either. It has one of everything faces are supposed to have one of, and two of all the things they are supposed to have two of, put on at more or less the conventional angles. The effect is, on the whole, rather pleasing than otherwise.

In short, it is just a real good face, but we cannot see that it has helped us any. No, in all fairness, we feel that we must attribute what we are today to those three causes which have probably had more unpleasant things attributed to them, from bobbed-haired bandits to mammy songs, than all the other causes in the world put together; *i. e.*, Early Training, the World War, and one other that we can't think of now offhand.

TO begin with Early Training. Ours was, to put it mildly, all wrong. Perhaps our parents meant well, poor things, but how could they be expected to foresee the war and its hideous consequences? How could they possibly foretell the coming of a day when a young girl, reared with the care with which they were rearing their daughter, would only sink like a stone when cast into society's maelstrom?

And so they educated her—for you must remember that those were the quaint old antebellum days when people used their brains instead of depending wholly on the eyes and ears, and were even capable of crossing streets alone without a complicated system of colored lights and policemen to tell them when to go and when to stop—and O, how that young thing has suffered since!

How often she has watched with burning heart while other girls, no better looking, but with vocabularies happily limited to "Hey!" "Huh?" "Yep," "Nope," and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

like, and a series of snorts, yelps, cackles and shrieks such as are used by tiny creatures who sit in trees and throw things, or some of the smaller water-animals at play, are pointedly preferred by the swarms of these little boys in coonskin overcoats and bird-bath felt hats!

It's not that she was so crazy over the little boys in coonskin coats and bird-bath hats, you understand, but they were all that stood between her and the horrid fate of a wallflower—and she couldn't even speak their language! Try as she would, she could not make those noises. She could not make any noises. No one had taught her—no one had told her that in the Era of The Loud Speaker it would be absolutely necessary to be noisy in order to be noticed—so she must stay where destiny planted her, by the wall. Is it any wonder that sometimes she felt that she would willingly sell her soul for even one of those little coonskin-coated boys?

NOR is it any wonder that we look back with bitterness to these misleading *clichés* of our childhood that have so cramped our style ever since. "Speak when you are spoken to," and "Pretty is as pretty does," may have been stuff that went over big in a day when women got into their dresses and automobiles by the back instead of just jumping into them, but they are enough to unfit any girl for the battle of life as it is being fought today. From the first we never had a chance, for, as if education were not enough, we were also taught manners, save the mark!

Better that a millstone had been hung around our necks, for so impressionable is the child mind that the darn things have clung to us ever since. For instance, time and again we tried to be like other girls and bound into a room slapping everybody—every man, that is—on the back. But it was no use. We simply couldn't. The only time we ever got as far as actually slapping anyone they thought that we thought they had swallowed a bone, and naturally, it didn't get us a thing.

No, it just wasn't in us. And so firmly were we imbued with the stuffy old idea that lips that touched liquor should never touch ours that we never were able quite to overcome it.

The reader may judge for himself how this one inhibition alone of necessity narrowed our field. Why, why, *why* weren't we taught to dash up to men and chin ourselves on their coat lapels? Why, why, *why* was perfectly good money spent on giving us dancing lessons at Dodsworth's, when all we would have needed to know was how to play dead and let ourselves be dragged hither and yon, not to say thither, by rising young osteopaths who played snap-in-and-snap-out with our collarbone?

Why, why, *why* did they teach us French, when a Southern accent would have got us so much farther? In short, why were not our parents—why were not we—warned by that famous and prophetic ballad which has produced enough barber-shop chords in the last half century to reach, if they were laid end to end, from almost anywhere to Perth Amboy and back? We refer, of course, to Stephen Foster's Nellie Was a Lady, whose opening lines, to our mind, sum up the pitiable situation of the wallflower, its cause and effect, more dramatically, more succinctly, than anything else that has ever been written on the subject in either poetry or prose. It goes, you will remember, thus:

"Nellie was a lady.
Last night she died."

It is our own story—it is the story, we believe, of the majority of the wallflowers of this present generation. Like poor Nellie, we, too, were brought up to be a lady. And certainly we are, for all practical purposes, universally conceded to be a "dead one."

IT'S not that we didn't try, because we did. For instance, when we finally realized that even a little learning was going to be such a terribly dangerous thing to our social success we determined to give up brains and go in exclusively for brawn.

Do not mistake our meaning. We did not aspire to be like those quite plain young women who are constantly being photographed for our Sunday rotogravure sections, wearing what seem to be white mealbags tied about the middle, and apparently endeavoring madly to kick themselves in the eye while simultaneously fanning themselves with a tennis racquet as thousands cheer from the sidelines.

Nor was it our purpose to emulate those stalwart maidens so frequently featured in the news reels having medals pinned as nearly on their chests as their one-piece bathing suits will permit, by Atlantic City public officials in recognition of their having won the one hundred yard something-or-other in the well-known ocean which was named after that famous resort.

No, we simply wanted to be one of those splendid, hail-fellow-well-met, "pal-y" girls, with muscle-bound walks and loud, husky voices, who meticulously designate dogs by their correct genders while referring to all babies as "it," and who invariably have an enormous following among the most exclusive little groups of serious drinkers and golfers in every country club. It would not be easy, perhaps, but we must take the chance. We would, we decided, be athletic even if it killed us.

Which, we might as well admit right here, it darn near did! We bought ourselves the regulation outfit, including the little sport hat just like everybody else's, and the blooded Holstein sport shoes, ditto, with golf bag to match. We bought all the regulation implements necessary to indulge in the various forms of what the world cynically calls sport, but what would be known in plain-spoken Sing Sing circles as Hard Labor.

We toiled over links in the blazing sun, we moiled about tennis courts, we swam, we sailed for one entire summer—and all we had to show for it at the end was one sprained ankle, seventeen blisters, a wrenched back, a red V on our neck, as many freckles as there are marks in the German war debt, and water in our ears.

To all our sister sufferers who think to escape the wall via the athletic route we sound a warning! There's nothing—absolutely nothing—in it! If you are like us, if you not only feel the heat but, what is vastly more important, show it—if you cannot have a permanent wave without looking like the porch rug which somebody forgot to bring in the night it stormed—if you are prone to peel instead of tanning evenly—in short, if you have, as we have, a purely limousine body—*stay on the clubhouse porch!* We cannot make this too emphatic! Stay on the clubhouse porch and be drinking something with ice tinkling in it when the men come in from golf. As they pass, look up and say:

"O, tell us about your game!"

Say it, that is, if you cannot bear to be a wallflower another minute. It is the one absolutely sure method that we discovered out of all our experimenting. But we ourselves have never employed it. To begin with, it only works with golfers, and though, in a way they are men, in another—O, well, personally we prefer the wall, if you get what we mean. So back we went to it, as soon as our shattered health would permit, to begin again.

This time, with high hopes, we selected the Intelligentsia. As the reader must already have guessed, we only went from bad to worse. Once more our education proved a detriment because, instead of there being too much of it, there was not only too little, but it was absolutely the wrong kind. The three simple R's, which we had mastered, and which had proved too strong meat for the little boys with coonskin coats and bird-bath hats, were sadly out of place in their new surroundings, where one great big S for Sex would have felt perfectly at home.

It was like starting all over again to learn even to spell such words as ego, Freudian, complex, imago, and so on—let alone learning what they meant. Too dull-witted for crossword puzzles, never good at puns, these—their major indoor sports—showed us a failure from the first. Just once we thought perhaps things were going to be different. It was when one of the very limp-leather poets suddenly said to us, "Have you never been awakened, little girl?" Of course, we couldn't think of an answer quickly enough, so, equally, of course, he never offered to be our Big Ben. Too, we afterward discovered he had been drinking heavily.

And to our dismay we soon found that intelligence was not, as one might suppose, so much the keynote of the Intelligentsia as that same old ability to make a noise, in which we had always been so woefully wanting. Not exactly the same sort of noise, it's true. While it didn't really have to mean anything, either, it had, at the moment of utterance, to sound as if it did.

AND it was this meaning, if any, rather than the tone of voice, that had to be very, very loud. Somehow, we couldn't make the grade. For example, we simply couldn't imagine ourselves shouting before a room full of people the sort of thing with which we were greeted by an enormously successful woman novelist at an Intelligentsia party recently.

"Darling," she screamed, loud enough to be heard even above the roar of the other writers talking about themselves, "*do* all these men try to kiss you as they do me?"

Now, of course, it was just a dirty lie from beginning to end—you'd know it was if we told you her name—and if we had attempted to pull such a thing there would at once have been a storm of boos and hisses and we should have had to run whimpering from the room.

But she got away with it! All the Younger Novelists present, several who were plenty old enough to know better, a couple of minor poets and a columnist, immediately closed in about her and, as usual, we were left to do business at the old stand—or rather, wall.

Not that we envied her—Good Heavens, no! Did you ever see a whole room full of Intelligentsia? But it was the *principle* of the thing! Was it any wonder that such scenes as this drove us to the point where we felt we could no longer remain by the wall as a spectator, but must climb furiously up and down it, gibbering the while?

No, we resolved, this sort of thing could not go on. There must be some way out. This being a wallflower—was it a disease or just a gift? Ourselves inclined to the germ theory, we doggedly determined to get at the truth. *Was* wallflowerism curable? Could a wall-

flower—a chronic wallflower—ever hope to come back?

It was in this darkest hour that we turned to the Press. Not the pure reading matter, you understand, but the other part where page after page is devoted to the ever-growing menace of the wallflower. For that the wallflower *is* a menace, no one who reads that part of the women's magazine can deny. Indeed, judging by them alone, a visitor from Mars would be amply justified in thinking that what America needs today above everything else is more attractive women.

These pages we studied carefully. According to the past masters of mob psychology who had written them, the American man, with fifteen minutes good reading a day, must appeal to the American woman's sense; while she, on her part, must be careful not to appeal to anything but his senses. In other words, while sauce was great stuff for the goose, apple sauce was what took with the gander.

The directions looked fairly easy. The directions assured us that if we would only apply a little La Delirium cleansing cream to the face each night, rubbing it gently with the tips of the fingers outward and upward into those tired, sagging muscles of the eyes and chin for only a couple of hours before retiring, then wipe gently with a soft polishing cloth for another hour, and follow with a coating of Eau de Negligée vanishing cream and a light dusting of El Mah Jongg Poudre, men would simply crowd round us at dances.

We were led to look upon it as a certainty that if we gave a young man a glass of Delisho Fruit Juice Google, or made him a salad in which Ooo-la-la Oil played the leading rôle, a proposal would only be a matter of hours, perhaps minutes.

We were as good as promised in black and white that, if we washed our hair in Tintoretto, or spent just a few hours a day pushing back the cuticle on our nails with Ouch-o, used nothing but La Belle Blush rouge and lipsticks, and a No-Bone-O Corset, the day would quickly come when we, too, would appear on hotel registers as "and wife."

HOW different Life seemed—what a help it was to know that the men to whom we would be introduced cared only if our teeth were filmless, our walk springy from wearing the correct shoes, and that we used either the dainty La Maraschino, or refined Catch-As-Catch-Can perfume! And that, these requirements being met, the men would fight among themselves for the honor of dining, dancing, motoring, not to say marrying us!

As we said, it looked fairly easy. Just a question of time, you might say. And, of course, after all we had been through, nothing made us sick; so we tried them. We tried them all. Even the etiquette books. Especially the etiquette books. And did anything happen? It did.

After rubbing our finger tips almost to the bone, spending hours, that should have been passed in God's great outdoors, manicuring our nails and shampooing ourselves, and poring over heavy tomes to learn whether a wedding present should be sent to the church or to the house, and what to order instead of chicken salad, we found we hadn't budged an inch from our usual wall *but*—and this is the big idea toward which we have been slowly working our way—in our apparent failure we stumbled upon a revolutionary idea which we think means victory!

Mind you, we say *think*, for it is yet too soon to know whether the results of our experiments will be lasting. So far they have been little short of astounding—but let us tell you our procedure.

If, we reasoned, none of these rules work, there must be something terribly wrong with the pictures. Looking about us, we saw that the most sought after, the most popular girls, far from following the etiquette books and so forth as we had, seemed to do just the opposite.

One day it came to us in a flash that the whole thing was perhaps part of a vast network of propaganda got up by these same popular girls to lead the rest of us astray—to keep us by the wall! Why should not we, too, try rolling our own etiquette? Acting upon this inspiration, we immediately reversed the usual rules. A few of those which we evolved are given below in the hope that they may do for other wallflowers what they bid fair to do for us.

1. Should you ask him into the house? Certainly *not!* Meet him at the door with your wraps on and say, "Well, where are we going tonight?" If he isn't ready with a come-back, name the play it is hardest to get tickets for.

2. When the chicken salad comes, eat a little if you want to, but throw some at your young man and the rest at different people in the room. Don't ask us why—take our word for it, the most popular ones do it and it never fails to get a hand.

3. Don't bother about answering invitations correctly. Nobody answers them at all. If you think a party sounds good, go to it—don't wait to be asked.

4. And don't wait for men to invite you. Call them up at the office and invite yourself. Or better still, *you* give the party. Then they'll *have* to dance with you. Insist upon your parents giving you plenty of money with which to entertain your men friends.

5. Dry cleaning is all you need with a boyish bob.

6. Don't bother with rouge or powder. Have your face enameled and then just go ahead and forget it.

7. Don't waste your time making him attractive drinks. Use your father's stuff. What's it *for*, for pity's sake!

8. Don't cultivate being a good listener. Nothing under seventy years of age can talk nowadays.

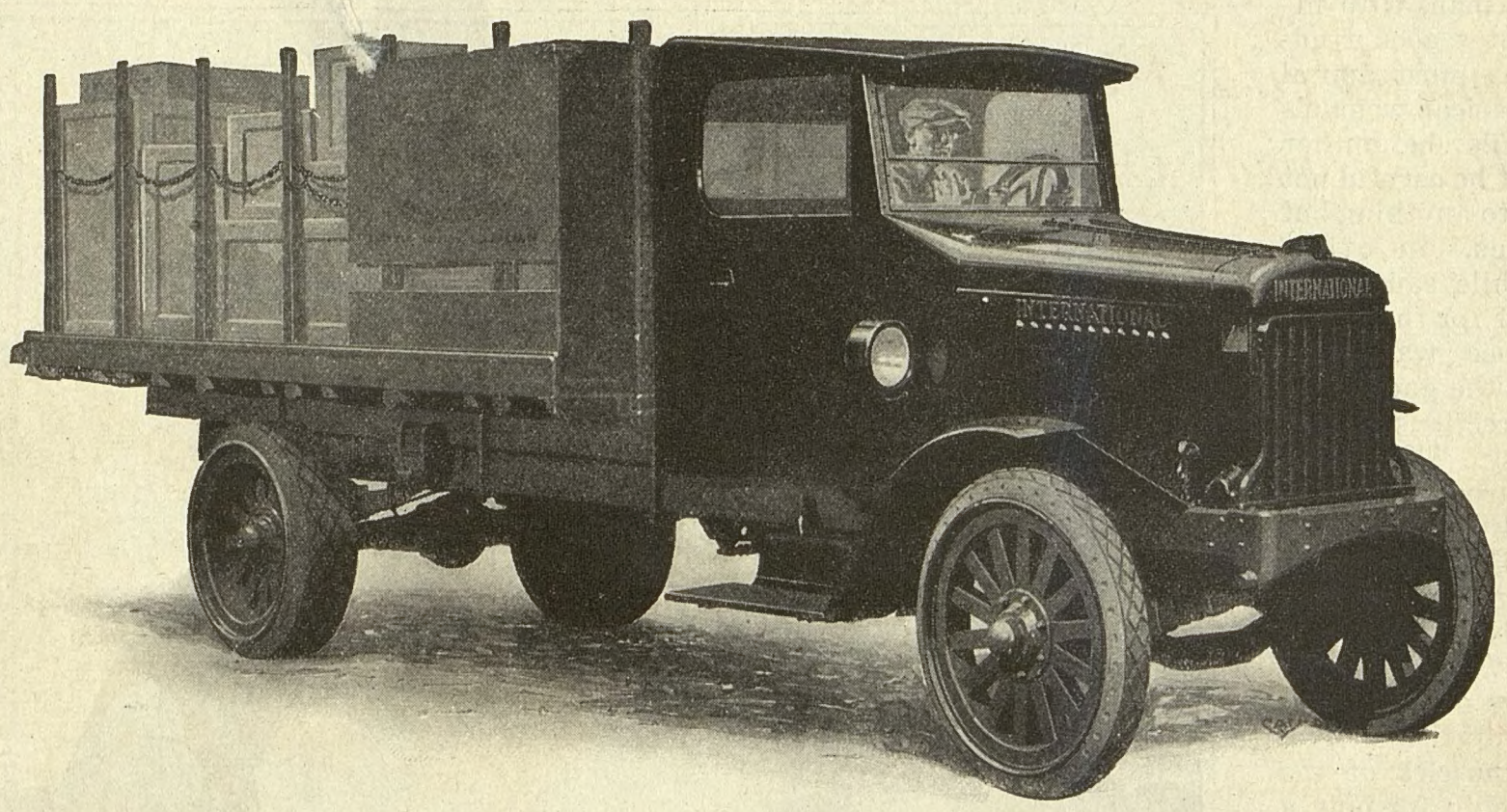
9. Even No-Bone-O Corsets are a handicap.

And so forth. Space forbids our going on. The idea, you see, is still in its infancy, yet even these few simple rules have already done wonders for us. Remember, our case was chronic—and yet such strides have we made in the last few weeks that we understand some of the boy scouts of the Scott Fitzgerald school of fiction makers are going to catch us and put us in a book if we don't watch out!

It was when one of the very limp-leather poets suddenly said to us, "Have you never been awakened, little girl?"

There is another side of the social popularity question—that of the young man who somehow just doesn't seem to fit in—who isn't anything like a heartbreaker, but who would be one of the "dashing young men." His plight will be told by Walter Davenport in "The Social False Alarm," to be published in an early issue.

You decide to buy a truck—



—and at that point your decision is only half made and your work on it only begun. What make of truck should you buy and what type of that make do you need? Think it over—do more than that—call in somebody who knows. Get all the information you can.

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By *IGNATIUS PHAYRE*

Pictures by J. A. ALLEN

A Short Story of Unsanctioned Love and Weird Vengeance—Such as Can Be Found Only in Romantic Spain

BEATRIZ

THE immense bull ring of Madrid wore a "morning after" aspect at this early hour, with the blinding blue of a Castilian sky overhead, and the promise of intense heat. The Sunday function had left a terrible mess and an army of *mozos* and sweepers swarmed in the tiers of granite benches. And the one-armed boss was everywhere, violent as any fighting bull himself.

José Genil was an ex-torero. He still wore the broad hat of the fighting craft, with the usual pigtail of well oiled hair, curled under the brim. He had come to grief in the arena, just as he was hailed as a rising star. But José had a stout heart. After the inevitable amputation, the management installed the cripple as a sort of "housemaid" of the arena, which seats thirty thousand spectators.

Of lurid language and ruddy of face, José was in his element at cleaning time, marshaling his assistants and their gangs with explosive commands.

"My lads!" bellowed the boss. "Bend your backs, and let your bellies think of what I'll give 'em! There's a panful of food and half a bottle, as well as five pesetas for a decent job."

They were a sorry lot, these outcasts of the Madrid underworld; and to the yells and curses of their foreman they gave but a languid response.

"Humph," bawled one of José's lieutenants. "A feed at four o'clock. And on Sunday a sight of Valiente with real Doriga bulls, and our king and queen among the onlookers!" The famous matador's name was more to the men than all else.

"Don't forget *me*, maestro." It was a decent lad who gave Don José this reminder.

"I won't, Ramon. But you need no goading; if the rest were like you, I would do well! Here, take four of these sons of hell and tidy up the table seats. Then do the royal box, and go along to the hospital. We had three cases in there yesterday."

Out in the corrals horses were being tried and bought for the usual sacrifice. Some were very old, yet could caper with spirit. Picadors in plain clothes chose one here and there, and the waiting helpers saddled it. Then they mounted and gave prancing thrusts at imaginary bulls with their long blunt lances.

On the arena and behind the scenes the vast circus buzzed with preparation for a state event on the largest scale. In the yards behind one caught the tinkle of bells on the tame oxen, which lead the savage fighting bulls.

By four o'clock the bull ring was swept and garnished. Broad smears of blood were raked over; splintered woodwork replaced. Out on the sand the safety ring was traced anew, beyond which it was not safe for the mounted men to venture.

By five o'clock the inspection was complete, and José growled his satisfaction, while the cleaners in groups compared notes about their finds. One had picked up a ruby and diamond brooch. There were many lace handkerchiefs and fans, with a few jeweled pins, and the usual amount of silver and copper money. Even a few stray bank notes had gladdened the staff today.

YOUNG RAMON PEIRO had found little but rubbish in the table seats. As for the royal box, this had been too well searched by palace lackeys to leave anything for the cleaners.

The Virgin's altar in the bull ring chapel needed new candles, and fresh roses were put in the vases below. There was much work also for Ramon's gang in the shabby little hospital The operating table bore traces of stains. On the dirty floor were scraps of gauze, with empty vials and rags of gold and silver material, which the surgeons had cut from the shining suits of injured toreros.

"Valiente himself was caught," one of the cleaners told Ramon. "He leaned too long on his stroke, and got a jolt from the bull's head, escaping the horns only by his own audacity. I helped to put him on this bed."

"But he soon came around," another went on. "We trimmed him up, and back he went to an ovation with his second bull."

Ramon had straightened up and was staring at an envelope he had taken from the bed.

"Wonder what's in it? A wad of notes, maybe!"

He opened the lightly gummed envelope.

"No money, Luis," he said at once, as he continued to read. "It's only a private message. I'll take it to the lady's house myself."

The lad put the letter in his pocket, and the sweepers went on with the work.

At pay time Ramon looked in the telephone book and copied an address. Then he went down the side avenue to the Alcala. At a cafe he sat at a pavement table and took out the letter. It was addressed to the Condesa de Doriga y Macias; the signature was that of

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Nicasio Galan—"El Valiente," the bull ring idol of Spain.

"There is money here," Ramon decided, as he read the fervid lines:

Soul of my Soul!

I know you hurried away as I fell, so I hasten to tell you I'm none the worse. My bull was dying as I went down; the *estocada* had pierced him to the cross of my sword! I was soon in the ring again. I sought you in vain, mourning the absence of sweet eyes which nerve me to any feat.

I did well with the second bull, but I was lost without your presence. I saw a gap in the gay spread silks of the boxes. My Beatriz had gone—and the crowd was to me a mere blur. How well I knew the black and rose of my darling's scarf! How sadly I recalled her beauty, and all the grace that smiled and shined as I stood below to dedicate the bull and offer homage to my lady of the white lace mantilla.

When shall I see you again, light of my eyes? Is it to be in the Calle de Goya, as before? I only live for our radiant hour!

A pretty epistle, Ramon Peiro thought, as he sipped his anisette and scanned the love lines which the young matador had written to the wife of the greatest of all the grandees who bred fighting bulls. Don Gabriel de Doriga, Conde de Macias, ranked with the Duque de Veragua as a breeder whose fighting herds had a famous pedigree.

Don Gabriel himself was immensely rich. With him the bulls were more of a family tradition than a source of revenue.

At fifty-two he had married a second time, sending his sisters with a marriage proposal to the lovely Beatriz de Santamarina y Taviel. She was only twenty-four, and soon had cause to regret her marriage.

Gabriel was absurdly jealous; a hard, obstinate man with few friends. After one gay season at Santander, the Conde closed his villa there and installed his young wife in a lonely place out at Colmenar Viejo, the famous bull breeding desert near Madrid.

But such was the scandal of the girl's isolation that Gabriel had to move into town and reopen the old palace in the Calle de Fernando el Santo. Here for a short time Doña Beatriz entertained on a lavish scale. Here also she met Valiente for the first time, and was moved by his instant adoration. . . .

"THERE'S money here," Ramon Peiro told himself again as he put the letter away. Before paying the waiter he asked for sealing wax and fastened the flap with care. Then he took a tram down to the Calle de Fernando el Santo, a quiet street of garden mansions. The porter at the lodge of the Casa Doriga eyed the caller with suspicion.

"I'm from the Plaza de Toros," the old fellow was told. "And I've a message for Don Gabriel which I must give to him myself."

With a "very well," the watchman went away, and Ramon rang the bell in the flowery porch.

"Is the Señor Conde at home?" he asked the footman. Yes, he was. Ramon was shown into the Conde's study. Here a tall, handsome man awaited him. Don Gabriel was dressed with foppish care, from the pearl in his scarf to the white linen spats.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"I'm a foreman cleaner at the Plaza, *señor*. And this morning I found this in one of the infirmary beds."

A slight flush showed as Don Gabriel saw the superscription to his wife and tore the letter open. Thereafter he gave no sign, though he read the missive twice. Ramon found the silence trying.

"Have you read this?" he was sharply asked. "Now, no lies!"

"Yes, *señor*. It was not sealed. There was no address; nothing but the name, as you see."

"How much do you want? And how do I know you'll hold your tongue?"

"Is twenty-five hundred pesetas [five hundred dollars] too much? Half of it now, and the rest—as you please."

Without a word Don Gabriel handed over two bills of a thousand pesetas and five of a hundred each.

"There may be more than this in it," he told Ramon. "Where do you live?"

"Jorge Juan, 26-segundo. If I'm not there, then the Plaza telephone will find me, through the office of José Genil of the cleaning service."

Ramon left the house with a gleeful greeting for the old doorman as he passed the gates.

DON GABRIEL sat at his desk with the letter before him, running nervous fingers on his short mustache. Again and again he read the love words until he could repeat them by heart and then cried, "Victor."

"Get me the country place on the telephone," the Conde ordered. "I want to speak to Don Pascual."

"Listen," called the Conde on the telephone. "Is that you, Pascual?"

It was the retired bullfighter who replied. He had long been master of the famous Doriga herds, breeding bulls which won the coveted "Bravo" flag every season.

"I've a bet on for Sunday," the agent was told over the wire. "So I want Diablo included in the bunch of eight."

"*Diablo?*"

"Yes," the Conde answered impatiently.

"*Pero, vamos,* Conde—its *he* who'll do the killing," replied the agent. "No man living has a chance with that bull—he knows too much. Three times has Diablo gone out of the ring alive. He felt everything in his flesh, from swords to fireworks. Then his sight is uneven. You can't fool that beast with capes and cloths. Nor has Diablo any grudge against horses. But, *Santisma Madre,* how he hates a strange figure on two legs! He'll stand as quiet as a cow—and then murder a man before one knows what's happened." The Conde listened intently.

"Get him ready for Sunday," the agent was told shortly. "But it's no use talking in this way. Take the first train here in the morning, or come in the car, if it saves time."

"So much for Nicasio Galan," the Conde sneered, as he turned away. "Valiente shall have his 'radiant hour.' And now for the 'light of his eyes.'"

Dropping into a chair, Don Gabriel picked up the letter with frigid passion. . . . "*My* Beatriz!" . . . "How sadly I recalled her beauty, and all the grace that smiled and shined!"

Where did they meet, these two? He must have inquiries made at the lovers' rendezvous in the long Calle de Goya. If he found Beatriz there, he would shoot her!

So the hints he'd heard were all well based! Beatriz had been openly admired at San Sebastian and Biarritz. Then down Seville, during the April fair, a foreign diplomat caused an open scandal by his pursuit of her, and his costly gifts . . . Ay, and he—her husband—had caught friends of his own, men of mature years as well as youths, passing notes to his lovely wife on gala nights in the theater!

The Dorigas were no sooner back from their honeymoon than friction began.

But not until now had Gabriel any tangible evidence of his wife's amours. He went back to the letter again, and with each reading the girl's guilt grew clearer.

"Beatriz hates me," was now his verdict.

SO her lover was a bullfighter! A low-born butcher who became the hero of a barbarous mob which must needs see blood flow after mass on the Lord's Day. Yet he was no illiterate, this man, as so many toreros were. Valiente could be poetic! This rhapsody of his was quite inspired. And by whom? By "*my* Beatriz!" the Conde said to himself.

Don Gabriel sprang up and paced the floor, to repeat aloud the lover's call.

"When shall I see you again? . . . "Light of my eyes."

Those eyes must needs be quenched; Beatriz could be dealt with later, and all the scandal hushed for the sake of a noble name which the Kings of Spain had honored with decorations galore.

Before noon next day Pascual Mendez, the Conde's breeder, was announced. He was a bulky Andalusian of slow, soft speech, with a clean shaven face and gleaming black eyes.

"Sit down," the Conde said curtly. "Don't ask me why I want Diablo among Sunday's bulls. I'm fixing it with the Plaza management, and with Valiente as well. You know how vain that fellow is, and how crazy to show off before the ladies!"

"Diablo will be his undoing," Don Pascual replied. "It's suicide to tackle that bull!"

"He's educated; is that it? He'll ignore the red rags and go raging for flesh and blood?"

"He's a killer, *señor!* Bulls vary, as men do. There are quiet ones and furious ones, cowards and brutes. But all of them come new to the game; that's the point. All are more or less easily played when they tumble out of the den into the noise and glare. Some bulls are quick to learn. You'll see them sheer off from the horses; they know the men for their real foes. And then—look out! There's a case for the surgeon, through a sudden lunge which nobody can explain."

"But the bull learns too late," the Conde pointed out. "He's killed before he can carry his new lessons into effect."

"True. But our Diablo has come out alive, with all his wisdom. That rarely happens. It may be due to his natural cunning, or it may be the matador's bad day. They're as nervy as women, those lads; ridden with omens and dreams, hopes and fears, and all sorts of fancies. If they can't kill they get three warnings from the president's box. And if failure persists, away goes the beast back to the bull pen, bleeding and scarred. That happens rarely, I say. And woe to the man who ever faces that veteran bull again. You see what I mean?"

"And Diablo's been through it three times," the Conde repeated.

"Today he's our clown out at Colmenar, the star performer of our pastures. Why, he'll dance to music, that monster! I've seen him follow a guitar player on a *tienta* day, wagging his wicked old head as though he loved a lively tune. We'll soon have Diablo on his hind legs doing the fandango!"

Here Don Pascual took a cue and echoed the laughter of his sardonic lord.

"But he can't bear the sound of castanets," the agent added sharply. "Diablo goes mad at the first snap of those things. We found that out by accident after one of my attendants had

Beatriz was only twenty-four and soon had cause to regret her marriage. Gabriel was absurdly jealous.

nearly lost his life. These bulls have the queerest aversions."

"I didn't know about the castanets," Don Gabriel rapped. Then he rose with decisive hauteur. "At all events, Diablo is to open the big event on Sunday. That's settled. And see that he's treated carefully on the way to town. Valiente wants to make a record that the years will never dim. It's more than the grand finish he's after, this time. You follow me, Pascual! Now, what are the other bulls like? Send the pick and the prime of our stock, for it's to be a memorable day."

"Be sure I will. The Doriga colors will be all the rage after this *corrida*. Every bull I've chosen is a banner beast. I've watched all their 'provings.' You'll be proud of them, Señor Conde."

It was late when Pascual left.

At six o'clock Don Gabriel rang for Felipa, his wife's maid.

"Is the Condesa dining at home tonight?"

"No, *señor*. She dines at the Ritz with the Ximenez party, and then goes on to the De Clairac ball."

"Very well; I shall dine out, also." He called on the telephone a woman whose influence had not waned with the years, and had even survived his love for Beatriz. This was Camila de las Navas, a dancer of renown.

"Expect me at nine," the Conde told her, in his surly way. "I want an hour with you alone."

HE was punctual, as usual. Camila was superb in mauve and gold, and pearls. She was nearing forty, but looked younger.

"You've come for advice," the lady divined. "What is it now?"

"Read that," he snapped, and handed her Valiente's letter. . . . .

"Beatriz has the loveliest face I've ever seen—even in Spain, where beauty is common," she said after reading the note. "Naturally men run after her. What proof have you of the girl's guilt?"

"'Will you meet me in the Calle de Goya?'" the Conde recited slowly. "'As before!' . . . What could be clearer?"

"I can't see it yet," Camila replied. "The Madrid Charities have a station in that street, so the pair of them may have met there in a worthy cause. Then the Taulets live in the Calle de Goya. And Teresa de Taulet runs the most amusing salon." The Conde was silent.

"It's at least possible you're mistaken," Camila urged. "Why not be frank, and show this letter to Beatriz? She'll tell you the truth about it."

"The fool in his own house!" Gabriel jeered, snatching the letter from her. "You

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side with your sex, dear. I came for advice, yes. But not to be the butt of your wit. I'm having all the *casas de cities* watched," he went on, "and inquiries set afoot about 'My Beatriz' and her latest lover. . . . A bullfighter, for God's sake! What can a well born woman see in such a brute?"

"A good deal," Camila told him. "Especially in a bullfighter like Valiente."

"A public butcher from the slums!"

"Perhaps. But he has a face and form that Phidias might have carved. There are bullfighters and bullfighters," she insisted. "I grant you that. But Nicasio Galan has all the instincts of the *señorita*. What a dainty letter he writes. Look at the rush of it! Is there a woman in Spain who wouldn't——"

"You speak for your sex," her guest insisted. "I knew it was coming. But let's see the dinner coming, too." The dancer laughed as she rang the bell and led the way to the sumptuous dining room.

"What I really called for," he told her later, as they sipped their coffee, "was to borrow something." Camila glanced at him with surprise.

"I want the loan of your lucky castanets," the Conde pursued. "The pair you used years ago in your début here. In how many events of both our lives have those little wooden clappers figured!"

"You can have them," Camila said. "I'd never part with them to anyone but you."

"But surely," she laughed, "you're not going to caper in *boleros* at your time of life?" Gabriel had no answering smile.

"A sense of humor," he remarked, "can be very offensive in a woman. I'm no dancer, but I've a little work for your lucky castanets."

NEXT morning, at breakfast, Beatriz found her husband unusually polite.

"You won't forget Sunday," he said to her as she arose from the table. "Pascual is sending my finest bulls. And I hear El Valiente is going to make a bid for everlasting fame with the first and most formidable of them all."

"I'm no novice," the girl reminded him, lingering a while. "I love the glow and movement of the Plaza on a great day. The bulls are glorious at first, and the entry of the men and all that is pretty procession, but the rest is heart-rending; there's no other word."

"Yet the queen herself presides?"

"Because she must; it's the national festival. But the queen sees all the torture through smoked glasses; all the vileness and shame. Even the men are gored and smashed. At the last *corrida* Valiente himself went out 'feet first,' as they say in the ring. I simply fled. The place was loathsome and I vowed I'd never enter it again."

"Valiente wasn't hurt," replied Gabriel as he watched her closely. "From the hospital he could write to his sweetheart a letter of longing and cheer." He was sure his shot went home; that the soft eyes and delicate cheeks showed tell-tale color.

"I shall be quite hurt," he went on, "if you're not beside me on Sunday to honor our grandest bulls. Stay away all the rest of the season if you will, but do be there to acknowledge Valiente's dedication."

Beatriz promised. As she left the room, her husband held the door open, smiling as she passed. The girl felt a flutter of fear, and could not account for it.

On Friday evening the Conde sent a message asking Ramon to call at the house.

"Have you any part in Sunday's event?" the Conde asked him.

"Yes, *señor*. Sometimes I act as sword valet to the lesser matadors. Or perhaps I'm a servant, leading the picador's horses out to the bulls. What I'm to do on Sunday is not yet decided."

"I see. A sort of handy man. Can you play the castanets?"

Ramon was surprised. The Conde repeated the question.

Yes, he could use them. Was he not the dancing partner of Andaluza girls in the all night cafés of the Magellanes quarter?

"Well, here's a pair I want you to play under orders." The Conde handed over Camila's castanets with curious deliberation.

"Mind you take care of them," he said. "More care than you take of your own bones."

Ramon was staring in a puzzled manner at the discs.

IN a few words Don Gabriel told the story of Diablo, the veteran bull of his Colmenar stud, whose onset was to open the greatest of all the festivals.

"I shall be in my box," Don Gabriel told Ramon. "So keep your eyes on me all through—especially when Valiente goes out for the first 'luck of the matador.' Watch for the signal, which I may give you at any moment. I shall wave a handkerchief twice. At the third wave you're to rattle those castanets as close to the bull as you can."

"Never mind why," the Conde said. "One thousand pesetas is the price of the job. Is it to be yours, or not?"

Still confused, the bull ring helper was trying to follow the great man's meaning. That it was some subtle move against the matador Ramon was perfectly sure.

"Suppose I'm seen and heard?" he replied.

"It will be your own fault if you are. The excitement will be great with so noble a bull, and with a *diestro* like Valiente, who has set his mind on the maddest of feats. If in the midst of that you can't contrive a tune without detection, then you're much less clever than I'd supposed. What's more, you'll be one thousand pesetas to the bad."

It was also hinted to Ramon that if he played his part, he would escape all the consequences. And besides, promotion in the Plaza would be assured through the Conde's personal influence. That settled the matter.

On Sunday morning the bull ring hummed like a vast hive. All Madrid poured up the broad Alcala, and from Pardinas down to the Puerta del Sol the sole topic of cafés and clubs was the state bullfight of the afternoon.

At noon the public was admitted to the "farm yard," where the eight Doriga bulls were feeding and resting until time to place them in the dens, which open directly into the arena.

So all Madrid, this sultry morning, thrilled with bullfight fervor. The jargon of the ring was everywhere heard. The "schools" of Ronda and Seville were compared. Above all, the marvels of Valiente's work were explained by fanatical amateurs.

At half past twelve Beatriz de Doriga was surprised to receive the card of Nicasio Galan. It was the card of a *caballero*, with the professional name of the matador omitted.

"Ask him in here, Felipa." . . .

"My Beatriz!" He stooped to kiss her hand with an air of wistful possession. And as their eyes met an eager flush showed in a boyish face of almost effeminate beauty.

"You must not call me that. Nicasio."

"My Beatriz," the lad murmured, with a dim appeal against her reproaches.

"Why have you come here? It's more than indiscreet of you."

"To get away from the mob—these bullfighting maniacs. They stifle and depress me," Nicasio sighed, "with their blood lust. It's my blood they want to see flow, as well as the blood of horses and bulls." Beatriz could not deny it.

"There's a horrible aura about the ring on a big day," the girl said. "A sense of terror and tense expectation. I shrink from the Plaza—you know I do!"

"And yet, the fascination of it," the young matador cried. "It's the same lure of peril which leads men to battle with a high heart. Life isn't worth living unless we take a risk. That's where you women are so different."

"Is it one of your good days?" she asked him, with tender concern.

"No; I'm not at my best. Presentiments in the night, depression all the morning. It's silly enough, I know, but none the less real, and all of my men feel the same way. I heard Ceniza, my *picador*, telling of an ugly dream. He's terribly glum. Even El Sordo, my *banderillero*, swears he'll go out 'feet first' today! It's hard when these black things haunt us."

"But you, Nicasio! Surely you can drive them away?"

"Yes, if you are there; if I know the dear eyes are upon me. That's why I've come to you now."

"I shall be at our box," she assured the troubled boy. "I promised my husband I would. He's sending his finest bulls, and I've never seen him so excited. How I pray all will be well! Don't be reckless, I beg of you. It was too ghastly to see you lying under that monster's legs last Sunday."

"Did you get my letter?" he asked her, eagerly.

"No, I got no letter," she replied.

"I wrote to you from the hospital," Nicasio told her. "And I gave the note to El Sordo. But the poor fellow was distracted over me. He would insist that I had a concussion. So I suppose he lost the letter, as well as his own sense."

"You ought not to come here," Beatriz reminded him again.

"I know. But I simply had to see you; I love you so," murmured the lad, despite her protests. "I love you so; nothing else matters.

"YOU'LL fill my whole life," he told her with rising passion. "And how I've dwelt on every moment we've passed together. Those walks in the rose arbors, down in Seville. Our moonlit rides out at Colmenar, after the proving of the young bulls in the hot, exciting day. And I want to be with you again, where we can talk at our ease. Won't you meet me somewhere, say in the Taulet salon? There, at least, we're safe for an hour, and I can pour out my heart."

"I know it already," she told him. "And you're a foolish boy, Nicasio. I can never be anything to you, for reasons I've told you again and again. But you don't consider me; I'm quite sure Teresa de Taulet caught you kissing me that day. She's discreet enough, and fond of us both. But such acts might be very serious. You know what I mean?"

"But you're so unhappy. I've caught you in tears; it was in tears I kissed you first. Your husband is a brute——" Here he was checked at once, with a look and a gentle hand.

"Now you must go home and dress," she told him. "And to whom do you dedicate the first bull?" was a question which unlocked afresh the lover's rapture. To whom but to *Her!* To the eyes he looked for, and the hand

The bull killed his first horse when nobody expected it. Both horse and man were whirled clear off the ground.

he lacked. Beatriz was moved at his torrent of worship.

"Give me something of yours," Nicasio pleaded. "Something I can carry as a mascot in my tunic. That little lace thing." He seized her handkerchief, and kissed it as he would a holy relic.

"No, not that one," Beatriz urged. "Look at the fateful line on it from the Dies Irae." "*Tantus labor non sit cassus*" was worked upon the cambric in violet silk.

"What does that mean, my life?"

"'Be not vain, so great a task,'" she answered.

"Why, that's the very note of my task," Nicasio said. "And your initial, too—the very thing to help me today.

"So it was you who wrought these words?" the boy went on. "My Beatriz, whose warm hands and sweet live lips I feel upon me as a seal!" He was about to kiss her tears, but the girl checked him resolutely.

If only she could keep his young passion in its beauty, as a consolation in her desolate life! Beatriz knew it was wrong.

"I'm no saint," Beatriz de Doriga told herself. "But I'm a wedded woman, with vows taken at the altar of my God."

She sent Nicasio away at last, contented and calm. At two o'clock the Conde returned to lunch in higher spirits than his wife had ever seen.

Thirty thousand people packed the great Plaza at five o'clock, when the king and queen entered the royal box to the strains of the national anthem. The vast circus was a glowing sight, vibrant with color.

The last of the public were warned out of the ring, where they had crowded round the band, the bulls, and heroic matadors. On high the boxes of the nobility were full of ladies in the costume of old Spain; high comb and white lace mantilla, with jewels and masses of flowers in the hair and girdle. Festooned below the boxes hung the Spanish shawls in a riot of peacock silks and rich embroideries.

On the stroke of the hour the president gave a signal. The band struck up a march; the four processions streamed into the arena, each led by its own *diestro* and paymaster.

Here was Benito Gomez of Cordoba, with his partisans raising a cheer. Here were Ignacio and Pepita, each with their own admirers in the cheaper seats.

But the whole Plaza rose to do honor to the boyish Valiente. He was a romantic figure, this tall, slim lad in his glittering tights of purple satin and gold sequins. A heavy cape to match was thrown over his shoulders, and its bullion tassels trailed on the hot, sunlit sand.

The picadors followed on their blindfolded nags. Then came the dartmen on foot in silken breeches and short tunics of silver. Humbler members of the troupe followed. And mule teams closed the bright parade, with their grim hooks and ropes, and drag gear for the tragic finish of the play.

Each procession advanced to the president's box and saluted. Then they dismissed and stood at ease by the barrier, with its massive but narrow shelters, behind which men can slip when pursued by a furious bull.

Valiente prepared at once for action, placing his men here and there like a marshal on the battlefield.

A trumpet blast rang out. Two men galloped in, cloaked and plumed, to receive the key of the pens and carry it over to the veteran keeper. Valiente looked nervous; this was the worst moment of all.

The low door of the pen swung back. A skillful fighter drove the gay Doriga badge of ribbons into the bull's neck from above. And then Diablo, the trickster, tumbled into the uproarious glare.

A SHOUT greeted the brute, but Diablo was stolid. He was different—that was the feeling of all. Ordinary bulls chased the cape men at race horse speed, leaping clear of the ground with vengeful snorts, and splintering the beams of the refuges in which their victims escaped their murderous horns.

But Diablo was not at all violent.

"He's been through it all," the experts cried,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"We get it pure by the barrel— You get it pure by the glass"—

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

noting the scars and slashes in the sleek black flanks and sinewy neck.

Diablo was plainly on the defensive. He was indeed a *toro de cuidado* baffling assailants in every attack, as well as proving tiresome to the mob and rousing its ire.

The footmen could do little with this bull. He paid no heed to the cape men; he stood on wary watch, with dangerous dives which were disconcerting.

"Look at that!" Men implored their neighbors to be all eyes, as Valiente himself drew near for the usual "*veronicas*" and spectacular dodging with the cloak. The matador had recognized Diablo. Had he not seen the strange antics of this veteran out in the Colmenar wastes?

So today the lad knew his danger, danger from the bull, and jeering taunts from a vast horde of capricious spectators. These omens were written on Diablo's shining hide. He carried many a brand of darts and swords. His great neck showed ancient burns from the fireworks to which the wary beast had been condemned when the mob roared "*F-u-e-g-o*" in protest up to the president's box.

Flourishes of all sorts were tried in vain. There was no getting near Diablo, one heard the experts say. For that reason the mob rose to its feet. Higher up, still thousands more craned forward with pent breath and concentrated gaze upon the swift maneuvers of El Valiente.

The bull killed his first horse when nobody expected it. Both horse and man were whirled clear off the ground. The dying animal was hurled aside with vengeful ease, and in a flash Diablo's head and horns were probing for the rider with amazing cunning.

VALIENTE was at fault in every phase of his art. His show passes were not only defeated but countered with savage rushes, which the matador escaped only by quickness of eye and fleetness of foot. His planting of a pair of darts was all but a disaster. And for the first time murmurs arose against the idol of Spain. Where was the mastery of Valiente today?

"Give it to him!" howled the crowd, with whistles and calls, as Diablo cleared the ring, killing more horses, and causing the men to scatter for their lives.

"He's a terror, my son!" Why, this bull was boss of them all! Even Valiente stood like an amateur before an animal worth more than himself!

The mocking storms grew louder. Two of the picadors were carried out severely gored. The footmen had had the narrowest escapes. The tunic of one now hung in tatters; a second limped over

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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to the barrier, wiping his face and begging a drink of water.

When the trumpet blew for the *cambier de suerte*, the banderilleros or dartmen, went out with little zest for their work.

"Bad luck!" growled El Sordo as he took a gay pair of darts from Ramon Peiro at the barrier. "It's a one-sided game we play today, and sympathy's all with the enemy."

El Sordo made a sad mess of his job and was viciously mauled by a lightning thrust. While his mates were covering him, Diablo took a thoughtless peon by surprise. Their man went up like a toy; and when he fell no cape play could turn the bull from his prostrate tormentor, and the man was gored to death.

The monster was no longer on guard. He now ran about with incredible rage, and the answering tumult of the mob grew dangerous. It was now the bullfighters whom they denounced; Diablo was in high favor with all.

"Poor bull!" the common seats were bawling ironically. "So good, so noble!" There were hisses and derisive hand claps, there were protests and ironic songs, as well as counter defense of Valiente and his harassed staff. From barrier and corridor three other matadors and their staffs looked out upon the stormy scene, whispering excitedly over the dilemma of a famous rival.

Now oranges were thrown into the ring. Next came the heavy leather cushions. At last empty bottles bounced over the sand close to the baffled men and a cunning bull that defied every move.

Above in the alleyways the police drew their swords and with voice and gesture strove to quiet the rising tumult. The Guardia Civiles gripped their rifles, feeling the surge of mania rising to violence, with the crowd drunk with blood lust, and looming peril.

Yet another trumpet call, and the strain relaxed. The last act was at hand. How would Valiente kill a bull whose like had never before been seen?

Valiente was under an ominous cloud, such a cloud as he had never known. Up in the boxes the ladies put down their glasses, and turned away, displeased. Even royalty had lost interest in so poor a show. There was eager talk among the waiting fighters, and their three masters. But this the terrible Diablo cut short. He leaped the high barrier without a moment's warning and landed on top of them all, panting madly, and bathed in blood from horns to hoofs. There were more or less serious casualties here before Diablo could be maneuvered back into the ring by the automatic opening of massive gates.

MEANWHILE Valiente took a sword and the red *muleta* from his valet. He stood below the palco of the Doriga family for the usual "*brindis*," or dedication. The boy was a picture of grace as he raised his slim blade, at the same time doffing his black chenille cap as Beatriz leaned out of her box with a smile of dread anxiety.

"To you—and for you!" Valiente breathed, with fervor. "O, crown of my life, too high for the waters to drown!"

Turning slowly, he tossed his cap over the timbers and approached the bull, while an awesome hush fell upon the spectators.

"*Cuidado*," whispered the servant with a dart from over the barrier. "For the love of Christ, be careful, *maestro*. He's everything that's bad."

Valiente thanked the loyal fellow with a smile. A few peons followed him out with capes, but the mob objected with strident hisses.

"How many helpers!" was the sneer of the packed seats with the usual counter cries from Valiente's loyal partisans.

"Away!" he bade all his would-be rescuers. And at this order they sheered off with worried looks.

With his great head low, the bull awaited the matador below the Presidencia and the Dorigas' box. Unfurling the red muleta, Valiente tried a quick *faena*—and failed. Then he essayed a reckless pass, one Valiente hoped would bring the whole Plaza to its feet in the delirious ovation of other days.

But Diablo was not to be led. On this bull's part was no blind coöperation in the play of a master. Once or twice, indeed, the artful brute feinted at the red flag, and drove with deadly force at the man. And as Valiente stumbled the populace rose again.

"He's lost his nerve!" the mob shrieked. "Go to him, lad! . . . A high heart—always a brave heart!"

The leaden minutes lagged. There were angry appeals to the Señor Presidente . . . . "Is your worship blind?" came in howls from the "*sol*" seats . . . . "How long is this shame to last?"

BOTH the first and second warnings were soon given to Valiente for the first time in his dazzling career. His face was very white; weary eyes half-blinded with the rain of sweat from brow and hair.

Suddenly the bull stopped in his vicious rushes. From one of these Valiente had a marvelous escape. Even now the bleeding brute held his huge head too high for the death thrust. Two attempts with the sword were utter failures.

"Bungler and botch!" howled the mob, with obscene abuse in their frenzy.

"Look out!" was the warning from friends to Valiente, whose spent force was apparent to all. . . . "That bull is still all there!"

Fanatics were standing, pointing madly to Diablo. The beast stood inert. His heaving flanks glistened with streams of blood. His head sank a little lower, with lolling tongue and murderous eyes fastened on his adversary.

"Now!" shrilled the crowd. "Now! Drive hard!"

Valiente was changing the red flag into his left hand when the sharp rattle of castanets rang out behind him. In that moment Diablo drove forward with a catlike pounce of amazing swiftness. The man was mercilessly impaled, then flung high into the air amid terrible commotion.

As he fell, the matador was caught upon the second horn; he was pierced again and again as he lay motionless on the blazing sand.

It was a matter of seconds only. All his rescuers were routed, with incredible rage. Enveloping capes were shaken off, or disregarded. Yet another victim was gored and tossed. A third and a fourth, until panic passed from the ring staff to the topmost tiers of the enormous circus.

From the president's box came frantic signals, such as Madrid had never known. The arena was cleared, and the tame oxen driven in to take out a monster whom no matador could ever kill. He was an enchanted beast—an incarnate curse, hideproof against the sword. Not, indeed, through any lack of skill, as one heard above the confusion, but simply because Diablo, the veteran of Colmenar, knew the killing game better than any matador.

The shabby hospital behind the scenes was like a medical field post in a war zone. Valiente lay on the operating table, with white-bloused figures bending over him in low, rapid consultation. Other patients moaned and tossed upon blood-stained mattresses on the floor.

In the ring itself all was riot and dismay. Many of the ladies left their places, though the greatest event of the season had barely begun. The queen was acutely distressed. Her royal consort sent for the Conde de Doriga, begging for the latest news of an unprecedented tragedy.

To his amazement, Don Gabriel found his wife in the infirmary before him, gazing at the prostrate matador with unutterable horror and pity in her eyes.

"I am drowning!" murmured the dying lad—"I cannot breathe!" Beatriz cast an imploring look at the senior surgeon, but he shook his head sadly.

"Nothing to do," he confessed to the Condesa. The chest and back wounds were bad enough. But that awful gash in the abdomen. The girl shrank away with rage and bitterness in conflict with the welling tears that fairly burned her.

"He's going fast, Señor Conde," the gray-haired doctor said.

Suddenly a roar of applause burst upon the hush of this squalid place. The second bull had been loosed among the second *cuadrilla* . . . . on with the game! . . . .

Don Gabriel and his girl-wife stood irresolute there. Then the sinking lad seemed to grow conscious of the presence of his love. Fumbling fingers took something white from the bloody rage of his golden tunic. It was the little kerchief she'd given him as a mascot; and now it was dreadfully stained.

"'Be not vain, so great a task.'" Nicasio smiled faintly as he repeated the line, unconscious of all but the presence of his love, as she stooped over to catch his whispered words . . .

"Dear, it *was* not vain." Feebly he lifted the scrap of cambric as though in triumph, and the Conde took it from the uncertain hand . . .

"This is yours, I think?" he said, passing the handkerchief to his wife.

"And this is *yours*," the girl replied—pointing to the face of Death which lay on the table before them.

THAT night Beatriz did not return to the big house in the Calle de Fernando el Santo. The Condesa, her husband was told, had driven home soon after seven and packed some trunks. Then she ordered the car again and set out with her maid on the Escorial-Avila road.

Gabriel did not stay to ponder these events. He went on to Camila's flat, and had a very off-hand reception from his old friend. The lady had all the news.

"I'm sorry," she told him shortly, "but I'm dining out tonight."

"It doesn't matter," he assured her, vaguely . . . . "I forgot to get your lucky castanets. They're quite safe. I'll send them along to you tomorrow."

Camila's manner was impatient, yet Gabriel lingered in fretful perplexity.

"So Beatriz has bolted!" he blurted out. "She's on her way into France, I suppose."

"Can you wonder at it?" was all the sympathy he got. "I'm off to Biarritz myself in a few days."

The Conde replied in an absent way, hoping that she'd soon return.

"What the devil *am* I to do?" was a last desperate appeal. "You'll have to look after me again, Camila."

"No, thank you," the lady replied, brutally plain-spoken at last—and ringing for the footman as she spoke. "I swear I'd rather look after one of your fighting bulls!"

THE END

SEEING the Flaws in His Own Business, the Bright Side of Others, a Father Advises His Son to "Stay Away from It!"—But, Does He Really Mean It?

Almost every man thinks, at times anyhow, his business is the worst in the world, the most poorly paid, and the most difficult.

SHOULD YOUR SON GO INTO Your BUSINESS?

By HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by JOHN A. HAELEN

"I'm walking in my father's footsteps,
I'm following my dear old dad."

THE tradition that every man hates his own business is not borne out by the facts.

In spite of the fact that almost every man will say he hates his own business and will speak bitterly and condemningly of it and advise his friends to avoid it—almost invariably men and women who have succeeded in their own lines love their work. The more bitterly they curse it, the more they condemn it, the more they declare it to be no fit business for anyone, the more likely they are to love it and cling to it.

The test is that, if you ask successful men and women whether they would have their own sons and daughters follow them in their lines of endeavor they will declare that they would—usually with the reservation: "If they show any inclination for it."

The truth appears to be that almost every man thinks, at times, anyhow, his business is the worst in the world, the most poorly paid, and the most difficult. He sees all the flaws in his own business, knows all the perplexities and worries, and sees only the bright side of other lines of endeavor.

The doctor sighs through life because he did not become a lawyer; the lawyer looks at the manufacturer and envies him; the manufacturer regrets not having become a banker, and the banker wishes he had retired to a farm to live a life of contentment and "independence."

Yet, if you ask them seriously whether they would like to have their sons enter into the same business in which they have engaged, many of them will tell you—at first, that they would as soon have them dead. But after a while the truth will come out: Practically all of them (except surgeons and dentists—and even some of them) dream that their boys will follow them in their lines of endeavor and carry on to do the greater things they have

dreamed of doing and failed to accomplish.

This has been a peculiar article to secure. It has taken a long time and there have been some strange reactions. I have called upon perhaps two dozen persons, men of prominence, successful men, rich men, men with and without sons.

The men without sons discussed the question academically. Some who have sons did the same. But the majority grew impatient, declared it a private concern, refused to talk about the matter. Some of this latter class have sons with them in their businesses. Others have sons in other lines.

Those who refused to discuss the question interested me more than did those who were willing to debate the problem. I learned an odd thing: The fathers were hurt and embittered because their sons had rejected their fathers' businesses. This class included an engineer, a lawyer, a banker, and a minister. Others were even more bitter because their sons, after consenting (perhaps reluctantly) to try the same line, showed no aptitude for it.

The exceptions I found were a merchant whose son had become a lawyer; a dental surgeon whose two sons had gone into business, and a noted surgeon whose son is a prosperous architect.

THE general attitude is something like that of my friend Kenneday, who tended bar in the olden days. I dropped in one day, and before I could reach for my pocket, he said:

"Have a drink."

I had. Before I could wipe the froth away he said: "Have another."

"What are you trying to do, give the joint away?" I asked, surprised by his sudden generosity.

"No. To tell the truth, I'm feeling good today. I got my boy a job."

"What doing?"

"Reporter, on your paper."

"Why didn't you get him into some decent line of business?" I scolded. "Why did you want to make a newspaper man out of him? Why didn't you make him a bartender?"

"To tell the truth," said Kenneday, "I didn't think he had sense enough to be a bartender."

Arthur Brisbane, the famous writer and philosopher, himself could not explain why men who are fathers grow irritated, even angry, and refuse to answer the question. Nor could either of the psychology experts on duty at Columbia University laboratories. The psychologists were of the opinion that the question itself suggested distasteful experiences or situations involving fathers and sons.

At the father-son golf tournament at Midlothian, near Chicago, with more than two hundred fathers and sons playing together, I had more success. More than a score were questioned as to whether the sons would follow the business of the father, and the great majority declared they would or were. In that case, many of the sons were still very young, the relationship for the day, at least, very close, and perhaps the class of men and boys (mostly wealthy) and their common interests for the day influenced them.

Mr. Brisbane's views on the subject are pronounced.

"It would be foolish for me to decide either that my boy should or should not go into the newspaper business, or into any other business," he said. "It depends upon the boy himself, his temperament and his qualifications. Mine are too young, as yet.

"I would not advise a young man to go into the newspaper business, for the reason that I have been too long on Park Row and have seen what happens to newspaper men. The objection to it as a career is that the newspaper profession lacks a future. When a man loses his enthusiasm and his freshness he goes back. Doctors, lawyers, and other professional men accumulate experience and benefit by it as they grow older. The newspaper man does not. My children will not have to go into the newspaper business unless they want to."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN holds rather high and academic views on the subject.

"Advise a son to go into politics?" he repeated. "I advise every citizen to enter politics. It is a duty every good citizen owes to his country. Advising politics as a business is different. No man should go into politics for financial gain or for a livelihood. There is little legitimate money to be made out of politics.

"If I had a son who felt a call, a call as sacred as that of his church, and who showed aptitude and leadership, I would advise him to devote his life to politics, no matter what sacrifices he might have to make. The nation, the world, needs leaders inspired by high motives; but unless a son feels the call of duty he will find politics exacts heavy penalties.

"Compared with the sacrifices made, the rewards are small, no matter what position one attains in politics."

It is rather surprising to the general public to learn that stage folk desire that their children should follow them in their careers.

Ethel Barrymore, one of America's leading actresses, approves of the stage as a profession for her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt, now twelve years old, providing she develops the talents necessary to obtain stage success.

"I would approve the stage as a profession for my daughter," she said, "provided she develops the qualities which will fit her for the work. Whether she will or will not cannot be told.

"As for my sons, their fortune depends on their development. I will watch them closely. If they show talent for the stage I will encourage it and try to guide them so they may make the most of it. But I think the stage is a better profession for women."

Her sons are Samuel, fifteen years old, and John Drew Colt, who is eleven years old.

GEORGE M. COHAN, who is the "Bean," if not the dean, of theatrical producers, is inclined to temporize with the question, but when it is presented academically, not involving the actual son, he says "Yes."

"Yes, I would have my boy follow me in my business—I haven't any just now," he laughed. "Seriously, I would hesitate to have anyone I liked go into the theatrical business under present conditions. But I would encourage a boy of my own to go into it under ordinary conditions if he showed any aptitude. I doubt whether I would want him to be an actor—unless, of course, he had special talent for acting, and then it probably would not make any difference whether I objected or gave three cheers.

"I would like my son to follow in the business end of the theatrical game, because it is a field that needs trained men and men of ideals and because it is of real worth.

"I have no criticism of the stage as a career for those who love it, and we have been a theatrical family. Yet I would not want my son to go on the stage merely because he is my son—unless and until he is prepared to do something good on his own hook."

I went to Will Rogers and asked him if he would want his children to follow in his footsteps.

"Yes, sir," he said, enthusiastically. "If my children show any inclination to follow the theatrical life I'll let 'em and I'll encourage 'em. It's a fine life, unless abused, and an honorable one.

"BUT, before they ever go on the stage they'll be ready to do something worth while. If one of my children makes up his mind to be an actor, he'll be an actor, if he has any ability at all. I will see to it that before he gets on the stage he'll know everything from grand opera to juggling.

"Fred Stone and his family have shown what is needed. He prepared his children for their work. His daughter, Dorothy, would have been a hit whether she was Dorothy Stone or Dorothy anything-else. She did not depend on her father for her success. His other children are just as good.

"I have no objection to the stage as a career—if a person has any ability and has ambition that way. I have a little girl who shows grace and aptitude. If she decides on the stage as a career I'll train her right—and if she does go on, she'll be good. She'll be able to do something worth while."

Fred Stone's attitude toward the question is well known and shared by his wife. They consider the profession respectable and honorable and have trained their children in the arts of the stage.

JOHN MEAD HOWELLS, son of William Dean Howells, who was America's greatest literary man of his time, is one of America's leading architects. He, with Raymond M. Hood, won the Chicago *Tribune's* first prize of $50,000 with their design of the new Tribune Tower and has done other notable work.

"The question of whether a boy should follow the footsteps of his father is one often dismissed too quickly," he said. "I would advise my boy to become an architect only if he showed particular love for it, aptitude for the work, and entire willingness to make a heavy sacrifice to his art, which he would have to do if he loved architecture as one must love it to succeed.

"If a boy has in him the love of architecture, I would advise him to ignore the hardships and sacrifices and become an architect. He may have to take his reward in satisfaction and he may be hungry at times. I am not speaking pessimistically. Architecture never before offered such a great field. A boy should be warned, however, that the years of study and work are long and barren and not infrequently unrewarded.

"There is another phase of the problem. Atavism, inherited desires or talents, enter into it. The son is far more likely to resemble the mother and to inherit her tastes and ambitions than he is those of the father. The daughter is more likely to resemble the father in nature.

"Fathers may have other reasons for advising against their sons entering their lines. They know the flaws and dangers. Some see flaws in their sons or in themselves which unfit them for that work.

"The old system of sons being trained to succeed fathers was, according to literature of that period, fruitful cause of dissatisfaction and dissent. Such a system could be applied only partially in these times, in which the natural desires and aptitude of the sons must be considered.

"It would have been ridiculous, for instance, to have followed my father as a writer, since

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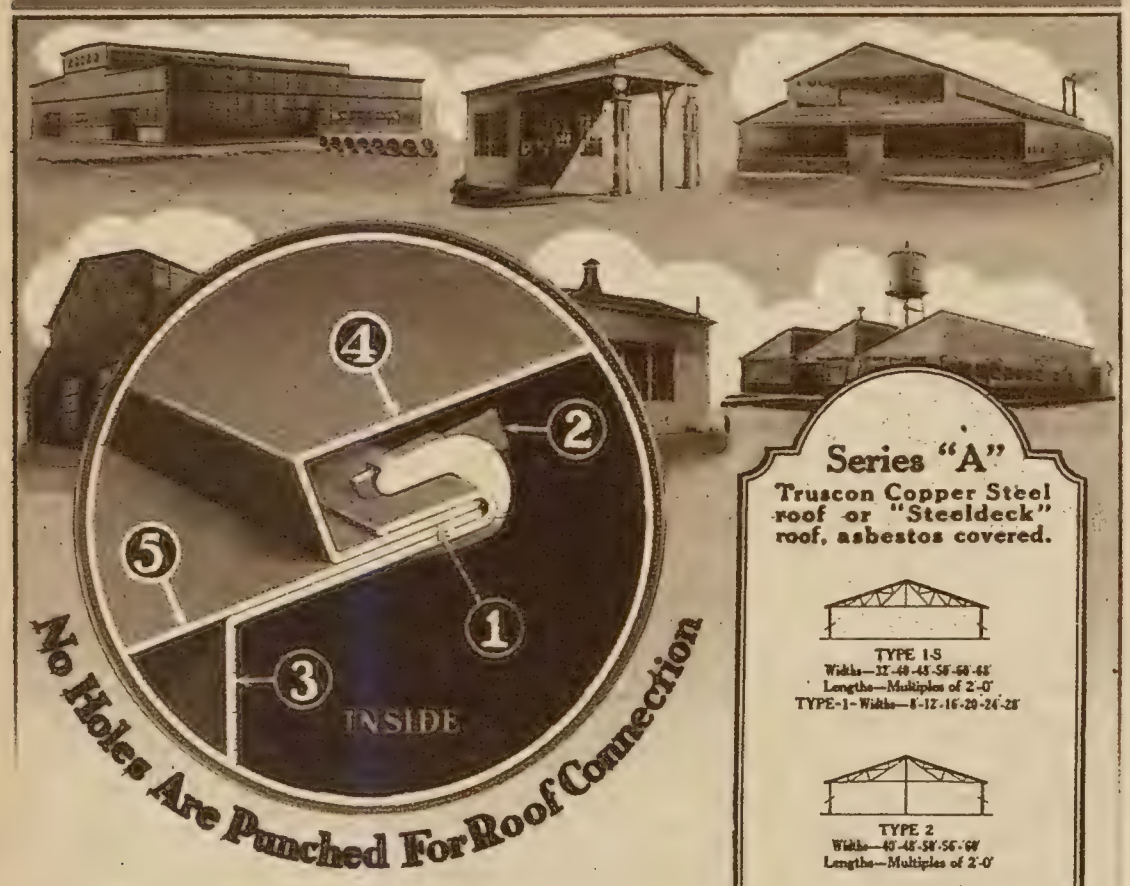
TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS



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Widths—12'-18'-24'-30'-36'-42'-48'
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"
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TYPE 2
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Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

TYPE 3
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Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

TYPE 3M
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Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

SAWTOOTH
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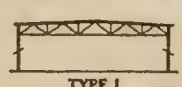
Series "B"
Truscon "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered on all series "B" buildings.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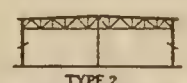
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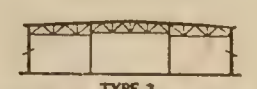
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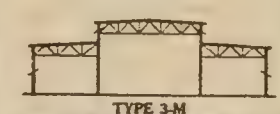
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Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

my dream always was to be an architect. Even success as a writer, had I been gifted in that line, never would have satisfied me, and I probably would have been more contented as a partial failure as an architect than with success as a writer."

TY COBB, the world's greatest baseball player, doesn't want his boys to be professional baseball players. Few professional ball players do, yet Ty would be tremendously proud should any one of his sons develop some of the marvelous ability to play the game that he has shown. Ty's desires in the matter may not count, since two of the youngsters already show a lot of ability and love for the game, even though they may never follow the sport professionally.

Cobb knows the vicissitudes of a ball player's life and does not want his boys to undergo those trials. He wants them to play baseball at college as fun. It is not the game but the business which he opposes. Yet Cobb thinks every boy should play baseball.

"It's the finest game for boys in the world," he said. "I didn't have to want mine to play—they took to it naturally. But playing it for a living is different. I had to fight all the way. I came into the game thinking it was necessary and that everyone would try to hold me back. The future offers little for the great majority.

"My father objected to my playing," Cobb added as he laughed. "Perhaps when anyone loves the game as I did opposition counts little. The game does a boy much good. He learns discipline and team work. The spoiled kid isn't babied and they learn to accept defeat without quitting and to be out there the next day fighting to win. It teaches a boy initiative and forces him to depend upon himself. No one can signal you to slide feet first and hook around a baseman. You've got to think for yourself."

The so-called "middle class" men seldom want their sons to follow them, the exceptions being shop owners who are succeeding and who think another generation will bring their establishment into big prosperity.

The average man who has risen from nothing to comfortable circumstances practically always aspires for a higher position for his sons. Those who have met with comparative failure never want their sons to go into their own lines of business.

I talked with one man who has worked, hustled, and kept his nose to the grindstone all his life, and eventually, by self-denial, reached a position where he can provide comforts for his family. He did not want his name mentioned, but talked freely.

"I would not have my son go into my business," he said, "because there is nothing in it beyond a fairly comfortable living. The work is hard, and the income ceases the instant one is sick or disabled. I devoted myself to it. When I started it looked like good money. I now know that the greatest amount ever made by one man in it was under eighteen thousand dollars a year, and no one else ever earned within a third of that. I made more than seven thousand dollars one year—and was an honor man.

"If a boy is good enough to make ten thousand dollars in this business he could make twenty-five thousand dollars in almost any other. If he just desires to make a living and feed himself and family it is all right. I chose wrong and would not have my son do the same."

The majority of those in that class of business aspire to have their sons become doctors, lawyers, dentists, and but few mention the ministry. A number of men with whom I spoke mentioned casually that their wife wanted their son to enter the ministry. Evidently that desire is a monopoly with mothers.

THE doctors, lawyers, and dentists, however, do not agree with the views of the small shopkeeper and the salaried man.

Lawyers, I find, are sharply divided upon the question of whether their sons should enter the profession or not. The slight majority, I believe, oppose it. Much of the opposition, I find, is from lawyers engaged in branches of law which have supposedly objectionable features.

Martin W. Littleton, noted New York lawyer, who also has been prominent in politics for many years, says:

"I am obliged to say that I have had my son enter the business in which I am engaged, or, rather, the profession I follow. I do not know that I can give you any reason beyond saying that I like it and I hope that he will."

Frank N. Doubleday, head of Doubleday, Page & Company, leaves little doubt as to the attitude of publishers, who, speaking privately, usually bemoan the lack of rewards in their own business. He said:

"I believe in bringing a boy into your own business if he is the kind of boy who would work well in the sort of business you are in; otherwise not. This is the delicate question which the father must decide.

"In my own case, Nelson Doubleday was more interested in the business, almost, than I was, and made a success on his own account before he came with me, which made my particular problem simple."

THE END

The IRON HORSE

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

Revealing the Romance, Adventure, and Glory That Marked the Building of the First Railroad Across America

THE CAST:

Davy Brandon.....George O'Brien	*Gen. Grenville M. Dodge..W. Rogers*
Miriam Marsh.....Madge Bellamy	*Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill)..G. Wagner*
Abraham Lincoln.....Charles E. Bull	*Wild Bill Hickok.....John Padjan*
Thomas Marsh.....Will Walling	*Major North.....Charles O'Malley*
Deroux .....Fred Kohler	*Collis P. Huntington..Charles Newton*
Peter Jesson.....Cyril Chadwick	*Charles Crocker.....Delbert Mann*
Ruby.....Gladys Hulette	*Gov. Leland Stanford....John Padjan*
Judge Haller.....James Marcus	*Thomas C. Durant....Jack Ganzhorn*
Sergeant Slattery.....Francis Powers	*Cheyenne Chief.....Chief Big Tree*
Corporal Casey..J. Farrell MacDonald	*Sioux Chief.....Chief White Spear*
Private Schultz .....James Welch	*Polka Dot.....Frances Teague*
Tony .....Colin Chase	*John Hay .....Stanhope Wheatcroft*
Dinny.....Jack O'Brien	*Old Chinaman .....Edward Piel*

When you have seen The Iron Horse, a magnificent Fox production, you ought to be a more patient transcontinental traveler. The next time, or the first time, as the case may be, that you speed across the United States, riding in comparative comfort and safety in a luxurious Pullman train, which crosses the miles of arid western desert and climbs the Rocky Mountains, with trestles over yawning chasms and with tunnels chiseled through solid rock, you will perhaps ponder in this wise: That the cinders in your berth and the fifteen or twenty minutes of time the train is losing are not so much to fret about.

For had it not been for the foresight of Nineteenth Century dreamers, and the intrepid labor and persistence of engineers and workmen back in 1862, perhaps you might still be making the trip in a covered wagon in which you would have even less of the comforts of home than in the Pullman lower berth, and in which your running time would be a matter of luck and not of schedule.

The Iron Horse is a film which gives the history of the building of the first transcontinental railroad, from the day that Lincoln signed the Railroad Act in 1862 until the day the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met in Utah in 1869. We learn the whole romantic and thrilling story of this gigantic undertaking, which made of two parts of a great country, separated by almost insurmountable barriers of sand and rock, a united East and West, bound together by thousands of miles of steel rails.

We realize for the first time what a colossal achievement the building of that railroad was. With every precaution for accuracy of detail, the producers of this film have put before us of the generation in which luxurious trains and club cars are a matter of course, the great hardships and perils to which the builders of this road were subjected from start to finish.

The chief danger to the workers, that of the Indian, who jealously guarded the land into which "the iron horse" was gradually steaming and puffing its way, is thrillingly put across by scenes of Indian battles at the "end of track," where the red man had an annoying little way of circling about the working train, seeking to annihilate the white men who had the bad taste to invade the wilderness.

It is the magnificently produced parts of The Iron Horse which deal with the actual planning and construction of the transcontinental railroad that make this film the worth while picture it is. The fiction woven into it has far less entertainment value. It has no virtue of its own other than to bind together the episodes of those years of rail laying. Without the story the historic facts might have been presented to us too much like an illustrated lecture.

The story reveals an adequate amount of concession to romance, with occasional sentimental touches we did not care for, and perhaps too much melodramatic villainy. The necessary humor in the film to break the suspense of tragedy and excitement is provided by the three Irish track layers, delightful characters drawn from life. Especially refreshing is Corporal Casey, played by J. Farrell MacDonald, who sings Drill, Ye Terriers, Drill, while his Irish comrades construct ten miles of track in one day, the record track-laying feat of all times.

As for the rest of the cast, the producers are to be congratulated upon the Abraham Lincoln they secured to play the few scenes in which Lincoln appears. Charles Edward Bull, who portrays the rôle both of the visionary young man in Springfield, Illinois, and later of the far-sighted President who worked unflinchingly towards the union of East and West, bears a remarkable likeness to Lincoln. He is not an actor by profession, but left his bench in the Nevada court of which he is judge long enough to take part in The Iron Horse.

"Buffalo Bill" Cody also is in the picture. So are "Wild Bill" Hickok and others. Madge Bellamy sees to it that the feminine touch and the love element are not lacking. Cyril Chadwick is one of the several villains who take their turn in making it hard for Davy Brandon, the hero, played by George O'Brien.

This latterly mentioned young man is one of the biggest finds in movie circles. With hardly any training he stepped right into two of the most important pictures Fox has made for this season, and he has come through with flying colors. In The Man Who Came Back he was splendid.

In The Iron Horse O'Brien has run away with the portions of the film which do not have to do directly with the history of the U. P. and the C. P., and has surely built up for himself a foundation of popularity. Handsome, clean cut, with charming smile and ability to act, he will undoubtedly acquire a following of eager fans who will want to see more of him.

They've all been working on the railroad. George O'Brien is in the center and Francis Powers and J. Farrell MacDonald are under his comradely embrace. A scene from The Iron Horse.

NEXT WEEK

Merton of the Movies

with

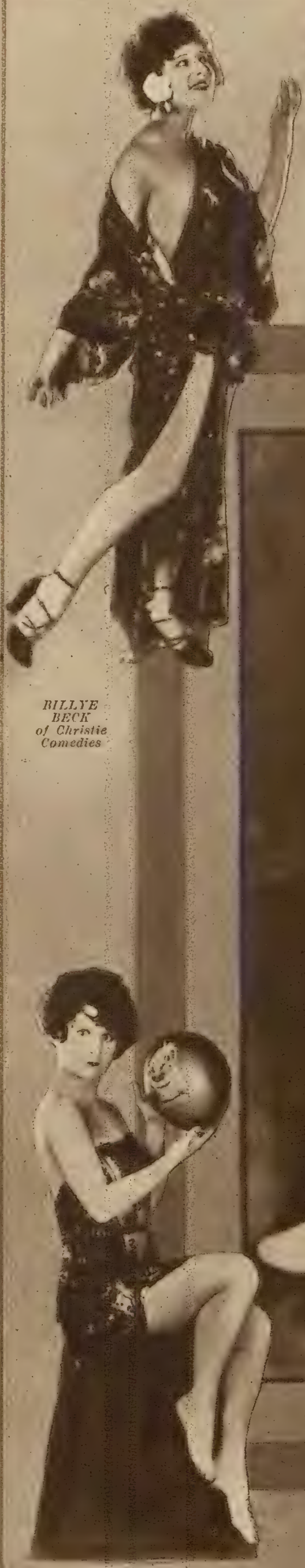
Glenn Hunter

Produced by Paramount

Anna May Wong,
China's principal contribution to our Movies, who will appear for the first time as a vamp in Lord Chumley

A Furor Prevails in Hollywood

Eric Torgerson, a young Swedish etcher, declared these five damsels the most shapely in the films. And that's that!



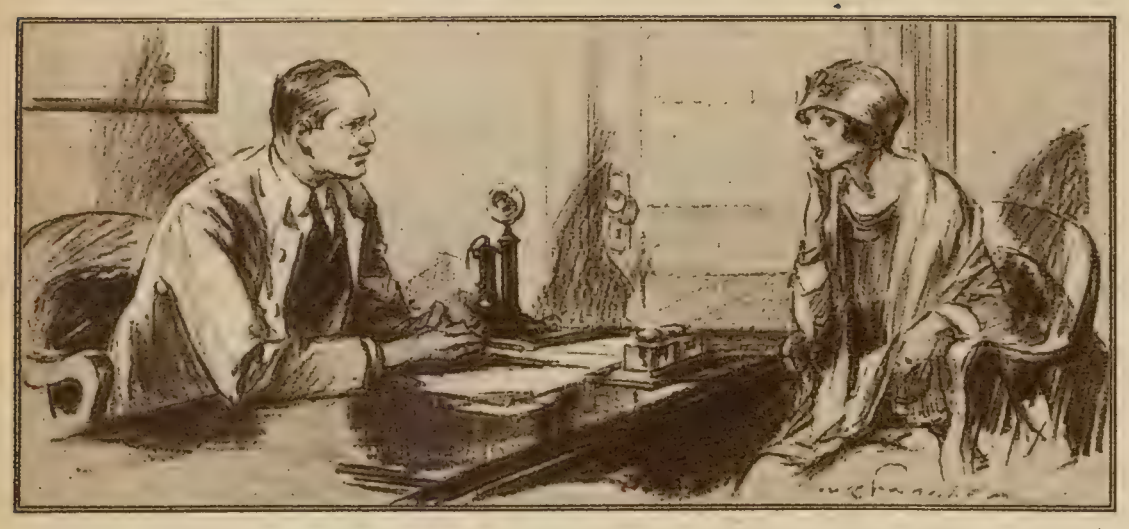
BILLYE BECK of Christie Comedies

DUANE THOMPSON of Hiers Comedies

MARION HARLAN of Vernon's Comedies

ANNE CORNWALL of Vernon's Comedies

KATHLEEN MEYERS of Christie Comedies



Your teeth may be sound
—*how about your gums?*

IT IS EASY enough to keep teeth clean. A few minutes' care morning and night—that is all you need.

But it is quite another thing to keep your gums firm and healthy. And it is to soft and unhealthy gums that dentists trace many tooth troubles.

The soft food we eat and the hasty way we eat it deprive the gums of the rousing stimulation that coarser food and slower eating would give them. Consequently, tooth troubles, due to weakened gums, show a decided and alarming increase.

How Ipana *stimulates the gums*

Gums that are cheated of work and exercise grow soft, logy, congested. And when "pink toothbrush" appears, you may be sure that worse troubles are on the way.

The dental profession is awake to this situation. Many authorities now stress the fact that surface cleanliness of the teeth, alone, is not enough. Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they strengthen soft and tender gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage is good for gums

In stubborn cases many dentists prescribe a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by dentists throughout the country. The presence of ziratol makes Ipana an effective agent in strengthening soft gums and in keeping them firm and healthy.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB10
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* Children

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

He Got It

One day when the luncheon table was laid for guests, Freddy's mother found him in the dining room. By standing on tiptoe he could see across the table. And so he stood with a speculative eye upon the olives. As he met his mother's accusing eye, he said with his most winsome smile, "If I was you and you was me, I'd give you an olive."

He got the olive.—Mrs. A. W., Princeton, Ill.

* * *

Not Quite Alone

Bobbie, my little friend, had been pouring scorn on girls and their ways till his little sister was ready to cry.

"Ugh!" said Bobbie. "You've no pluck! You daren't go into that dark room by yourself!"

"I dare!" said little Ruth, angrily. "I dare! You just come with me and see me do it!"—B. P., East Carver, Mass.

* * *

She Needed Light to Hear

My little cousin, who is not accustomed to answering the telephone, had a call from a small girl friend the other night. The room was dark, but she managed to make her way to the instrument. Being unable to understand what was said, she turned to her father, and remarked, "Please put the light on. I can't understand what she is saying."—M. S. B., Boston, Mass.

* * *

Quite So! Of Course!

Hally was busily engaged in drawing a cow on the blackboard. His mother noticed that there were only two legs to the cow. "Why, Hally," she said, "a cow has four legs. Where are the other two?"

"I can't make them," replied Hally, "'cause I can't get on the other side of the cow."—L. S. K., Portage La Prairie, Man., Can.

* * *

Those Men!

Little Mary stood at the fence and watched a neighbor cut asparagus. The following conversation ensued:

Neighbor—Do you like asparagus?

Mary—Mamma and I don't, but daddy does.

Neighbor—My husband likes it, too, but I do not, either.

Mary—I guess men like it, but folks don't.—E. C. B., Liberty, N. C.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 45

At the SHERMAN

IN CHICAGO

they insist on this hair-wash

Geo. Gayton, manager of the barber-shop in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, says this:

"Our customers are now insisting that we use Wildroot Taroleum Hair-Wash, the new crude-oil shampoo, in our work. They know it cleanses the hair without drying and gives all the benefits that a tar and crude-oil shampoo can give. This is produced with one application and without any disagreeable odor. In fact, it is the best shampoo we have in the shop and, of course, the most popular."

Taroleum will delight you. It is luxurious, and yet it is economical. A tablespoonful is all that is required as a shampoo. And the large 6-oz. bottle costs only 50c. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

The wonderful new Crude-oil shampoo

When Gus Williams, the Veteran Comedian, Tried to Teach George Cohan Something About Acting, the Fireworks Lasted All Season

As I said this I slid up from the tailboard and climbed to the driver's seat.

TWENTY YEARS on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE

Start this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here!

In the previous installment Mr. Cohan told how he blossomed into a boy song and sketch writer, and how The Four Cohans, after a period of "each on his own," combined once more into a vaudeville troupe. In this installment he resumes his extraordinary memoirs.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK TO THE PLATFORM.

WE REALIZED that there was little or no chance for us in the East, but we were bent on sticking to our guns and the four act, so we jumped to the Middle West and played the Moore Circuit of Museums. We accepted a third of the salary—for the "Four" doing five shows a day—that Josie had been receiving for eight performances a week as a single turn. It seemed an unbusinesslike thing to do, but we all felt that it would turn out for the best, and, anyway, it kept us together like the proverbial "Brown's Cows."

We hopscotched about, playing the "honky tonks" for several months after that and with five and six shows a day (Sunday included), along with grinding out songs and sketches at nights into the wee hours of the mornings, it kept me whirling about a bit, as busy as a buzzsaw.

I was earning pretty big money for a kid of my age, turning out this stage material; so, from the financial standpoint, we were doing fairly well. The thing that made me happiest of all, however, was the fact that I was back on the stage again. A round of applause from even a dime museum audience meant far more to me than a fat certified check from a song publisher or sketch team. Though only sixteen years of age, I was already a "dyed in the wool" song and dance man. I still am, for that matter—always will be, I dare say.

When the theatrical season come to an end, we jumped back East to spend the summer at North Brookfield, Massachusetts, a little town

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A NEW WATERPROOF

LIQUID MABELLINE

After six years of research work we have finally perfected a LIQUID MAYBELLINE which is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and WATERPROOF. It is easily applied with the little brush attached to rubber cork. Makes the eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, thus adding charm, beauty and expression to any eyes. Unaffected by tears or rain.

A real joy awaits you in the use of "LIQUID MAYBELLINE."

Solid form MAYBELLINE has been used for years by millions of women in all parts of the world. You may now have it in either solid or liquid form. Black or brown. On sale at all leading DRUG and DEPT. STORES and BEAUTY PARLORS.

SOLID MAYBELLINE, in box, 75c
LIQUID MAYBELLINE, in bottle, 75c

If your dealer is out, we will forward, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

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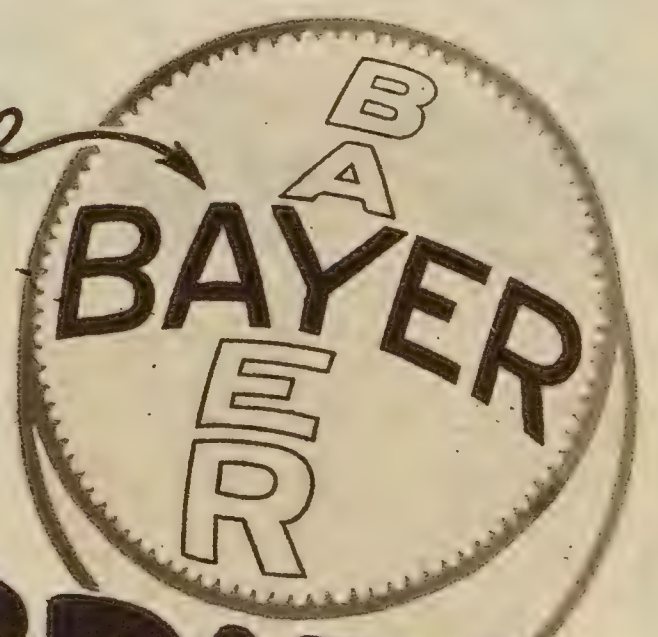
4750-10 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

Genuine



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

about fifty miles from Boston, where my grandmother lived.

We stopped over in New York for the purpose of letting the agents know that we were still on earth and at liberty. We were hurriedly booked at the Central Music Hall, a variety theater in Sixty-seventh Street, the very day we arrived in town. They ran short of an act, and we happened in at the right moment.

THE night we opened there, Gus Williams, well known German dialect comedian, was in front and, after seeing our performance, came back stage and engaged us for the following season to support him in a play called April Fool. Williams used to tour the country very successfully season after season, being what was known as a great "road star," and we were the happiest theatrical family on earth when Dad signed the contract the next morning.

"You and I are going to get along all right, young man," Williams said to me while we were shaking hands back stage.

"I hope so, Mr. Williams," I replied.

"I think I can make an actor of you." He was sizing me up very carefully.

"Think you can, eh?" I didn't care so much for that crack.

"Well, at least I can try," he went on. "You've got a personality, and that gives me something to work on. Of course, it's a pretty big job for a kid like you. It's one of the best low comedy parts ever written and this fellow Midgely, who played it last season, made a sensational hit. The trouble will be that you'll have to repeat a lot of towns where he's been seen. He's a hard man to follow."

"I'll follow him all right," I assured him.

"That's the stuff," he approved. "That's the spirit that will win every time. I'll give you the full benefit of my experience and direction and if you keep up your nerve you'll have better than an even chance to make it."

"O, don't worry about me, I'll make it all right," and then I muttered to myself, "This guy hates himself."

"I'll tell you one thing, kid," he said. "If you've half as much talent as you have confidence, you'll be a great actor some day." He laughed and shook hands, "Good-by" and that was the last I saw of him until the August rehearsals.

"That fellow's got a fat chance to tell me how to play that part." *(I broke right into a monologue the minute his back was turned.)* "Anybody would think, to hear him handing out his line of talk, that he was opening up a school of acting or something. *He's* going to direct *me*. Gee! That's pretty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Have You The Urge To Write?

IF THERE is something inside of you which demands the right to express itself, something which commands you to sit down—perhaps, at odd moments, whenever you can find a little spare time—and try to put on paper the remarkable thoughts which continually formulate themselves in your mind, then you have the urge to write.

But mere desire to work in wood and stone would not make you a builder, and mere desire to cure would not make you a doctor. Inclination must be supported by training in order to make one proficient in any pursuit.

Then This Is For You

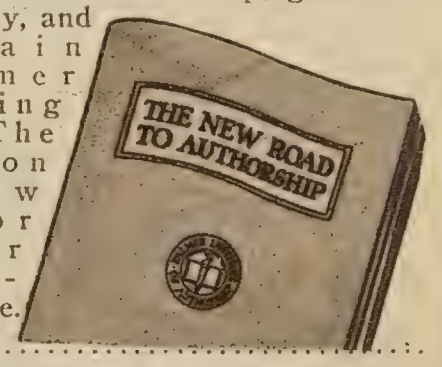
If you have the inclination, Palmer Institute of Authorship can furnish the training. Its system of instruction permits you to train yourself the Palmer way in spare time study at home, no matter where you live, or what your occupation. It has produced many successful writers for both the screen and the magazines.

Supervising Palmer training is an Advisory Council comprising Frederick Palmer, author, educator; Russell Doubleday, the publisher; Clayton Hamilton, author, playwright, educator; Rob Wagner, writer and screen director; James Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay Magazine; Frederic Taber Cooper, author, educator; and Brian Hooker, educator, poet, playwright.

A Chance For Free Training

If you are seriously interested in learning about Palmer training and how it has helped others and can help you, Palmer Institute of Authorship will send you a copy of its new book, "The New Road to Authorship." It contains information of vital importance to you. It is not for children or mere curiosity seekers.

With the book will come a Bulletin, explaining how you can qualify yourself to win one of the fifty free scholarships which Palmer Institute of Authorship gives annually, and obtain Palmer training free. The coupon below is for your convenience.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

good. That's the laugh of the year with me. Best comedy ever written, eh? This bird Midgely was good, was he? Well, we'll see about that."

(*Business of whistling and trying to forget it. Short pause, then another outburst.*)

"Can you beat that guy—talking to me like that?"

(*A short, forced laugh.*)

"That's a hot one, that is. That would burn anybody's fingers."

Williams didn't know what he was in for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIRST MEETING WITH MY LAWYER.

OFF we went to North Brookfield for our summer vacation (1895). Quite a town, too. It always looked to me as though a scenic artist had painted it on the side of a hill. Four thousand people in the burg and most of them talked the kind of talk that Ring Lardner writes.

Not being able to interest myself in post-office conversations, I went into seclusion and started to make a record as a sketch writer by pounding out one-act plays at the rate of not less than two a week.

"Why don't you quit grinding for a while, son, and get out and play a little baseball with the boys?" Dad used to say.

"Yes, I wish you would, Georgie." This from mother.

"I'm busy today—I'll play tomorrow." But tomorrow never came.

Not that I didn't enjoy playing around as much as other boys of my age, but I was having so much fun with my work that the work seemed to me to be nothing but fun.

Writing lyrics, composing tunes, scheming and working out plots for one-act sketches, up and down the room, up and down the room, eight to ten hours a day, pound, pound, pound. I was as serious about it all as though the great American theater absolutely depended on my output.

There was one young fellow in this town who took quite a fancy to me. His name was Dennis O'Brien. (It was whispered that his ancestors came from Ireland.) The kids all called him "Captain," a distinction he'd earned because of the cocky manner in which he led the march of the parochial pupils from the village church to the schoolhouse.

We were about the same age and he was the only person around who seemed at all interested in the fact that I was a worker. I used to bring my manuscripts to his house for spelling corrections and instructions in grammar.

"I often wonder what these people think when they read your sketches," he chuckled, one night. "You put every word on paper exactly the way it's pronounced, don't you?"

"O, don't worry about that," I replied. "Most of the guys I write for can't read anyway."

We used to have long talks about our respective futures.

GUS WILLIAMS

"Are you going to stay in this town all your life?" I asked during one of these chats.

"No siree, I'm going to New York City and be a lawyer," he announced.

"Maybe you'll be my lawyer some day," I suggested.

"You never can tell," he replied.

And we'd sit on the front porch dreaming of Shakespeare and Blackstone until his mother would send me home and chase him to bed.

Fifteen years later, when he came to New York to practice law, I was the first client to walk into his office. He's been my counselor and business adviser ever since. Spelling corrections are still in order, by the way—Dennis F. O'Brien at the teacher's desk. But to get back to North Brookfield and the summer of 1895.

One of the songs I sent on to New York for publication, during our stay there, was a coon ditty entitled Hot Tamale Alley. May Irwin had put it in her show and had popularized it to such an extent that by the time we got back to New York, in August, it was one of the hits of the town.

"May Irwin singing a song of mine!" I thought. "I wonder what those Witmark guys think now." If the Queen of England had kissed me, my chest couldn't have expanded any more.

On the way to the April Fool rehearsal, I had quite a laugh all to myself. I raved on, "I'll make this bird Williams understand that I'm no ham. He'll forget anyone else ever played the part when I get a crack at it."

We were called for the first reading of the play the day we arrived in town. The company assembled in a little rehearsal hall on Third Avenue.

Mr. Williams, after greeting the supporting cast in star-like fashion, spread the manuscript open on a table, asked us all to pull up chairs, and we sat around and listened while he read the dialogue and explained the bits of business and by-play, and pointed out and went through the mechanics of each scene as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Sure it did," I shot back, "and I'll bet that the guy who wrote that notice has a lot of gold stuck in his teeth."

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Up, up goes the bar, steadily . . . six feet . . . only two of the twelve contestants remain . . . a supreme final effort that uses all his reserve power . . . and one man soars over to victory and a new world's record.

* * *

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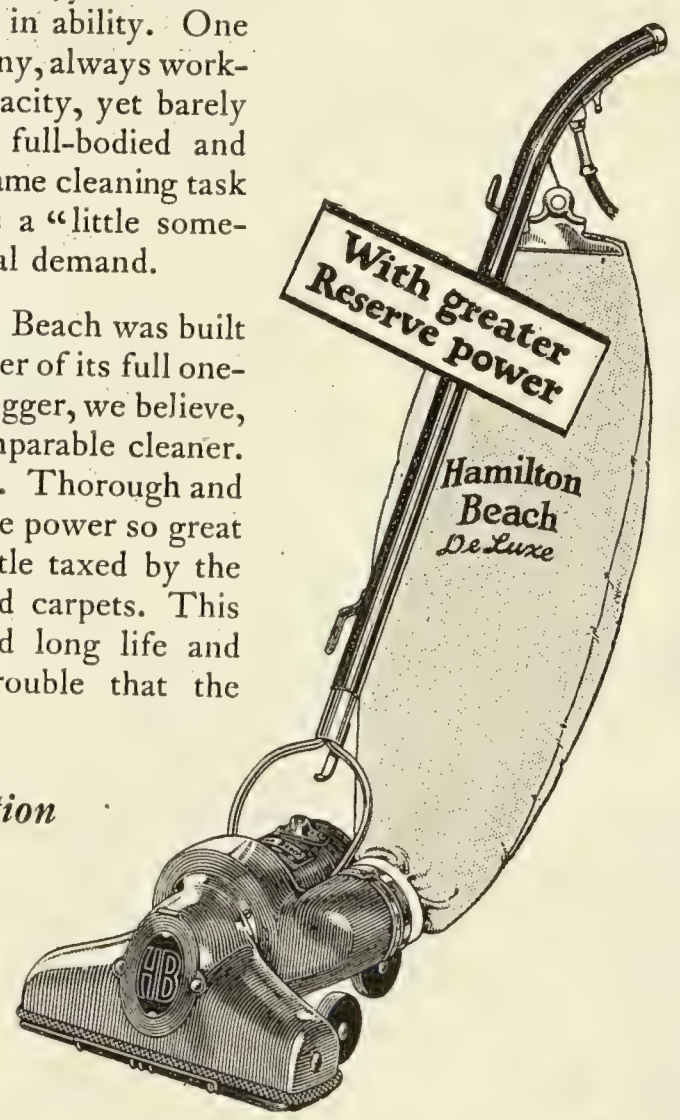

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

carefully as he could. When he had finished (it took several hours to read the thing) he turned to me and said, "Well, young man, that's a great part you've got, don't you think so?"

The entire company, my family included, looked in my direction. Josie started coughing; she felt that something was coming. All during the reading of the play I had been shaking my head and telegraphing the fact that I was bored to death.

"I think it's the makings of a good part," I answered, "if you'll let me fix it up a little."

Josie coughed again. Father fumbled with his watch chain. Mother started taking off and putting on her ring, a sure sign of nervousness on her part. The balance of the cast sat staring at me in amazement.

"Fix it up a little? What do you mean?" And Williams leaned over the table. He didn't quite get me.

"Well, I mean I think I can help it a whole lot."

"Help the part, you mean?"

"Sure. Help the whole play if you'll let me fool around with the script for a day or two."

He pushed his chair away from the table and stood up.

"Say, who in hell do you think you are?" He blurted this, and then, turning quickly to the female members of the company, said, "Pardon me, ladies," then to me again, "Are you trying to get a laugh, or are you just naturally fresh?"

"Well, there's nothing to get sore about, Mr. Williams." I knew I'd slipped. "I just want to be of whatever assistance I can. I'm perfectly willing to do the job for nothing."

"What job?" He all but shouted this.

I'd slipped again. I realized it, too, but I went on:

"Just to prove that it isn't a matter of money with me, if you'll postpone rehearsals for a few days and let me take a shot at that script I'll turn it into a regular play free of charge. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Williams turned to Dad.

"Jerry, does this kid of yours think he's a comedian, or is he just a plain everyday crackpot?" This created a general laugh.

Dad tried to laugh it off, too. "O, Georgie's all right, Gus. He's just a boy with big ideas about himself, that's all." And then, to me: "That's a wonderful part Mr. Williams has handed you, and if you're smart enough to listen and take advantage of his direction it'll be the chance of your life." Then, to Williams: "It's a great chance for all of us, Gus, and we want you to know that we appreciate it, too."

"I know; but what's the idea of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

this kid making a crack like that?" He refused to dismiss the thing.

"Will you do me a favor and forget it, Gus?" urged Dad.

"All right, we'll let it go, but——" And Williams walked over to where I was standing and shook his cigar at my nose. "You save all your comedy remarks for the sidewalk after this. I've never stood for a fresh kid in any of my companies yet, and I'm not going to begin now; do you get that?"

"I didn't mean to be fresh, Mr. Williams."

"Well, you were, and see that it doesn't happen again. Is that settled?"

"Yes, sir."

And he clapped his hands and shouted, "Everybody back here at two-thirty for the first act." We were dismissed for lunch.

On the way to the boarding house Dad went after me hammer and tongs.

"You've got to cut this stuff out, do you understand? I'm just about losing all patience with you. Don't you realize that you insulted that man by belittling his play? What's getting into you, anyway? Where do you suppose this thing is going to end?" A short pause—and he continued: "Haven't you any consideration whatever for your mother and sister and me? For the love of Heaven, come down to earth, please. If you don't, something's going to happen, you mark my words."

"Well, I was only trying to help," I argued.

"Yes, you helped a lot, you did. Very nearly helped us out of a job." And he increased his gait to get ahead of me. I hurried and caught up with him.

"I'm sorry, Dad." I meant it, too.

"Well, I hope you are, and I hope it will teach you a lesson to keep your mouth closed after this."

Nothing more was said for several blocks. I finally tugged at Dad's arm to get his attention.

"Listen, Dad," I began. "Will you do me a favor?"

"What is it you want?"

"Will you answer me truthfully if I ask you something?"

"Of course I will."

"Well, on the square now, between you and me, don't you really think I could fix up that play if he'd let me take a crack at it?"

Josie heard this and answered: "Don't be silly, Georgie; the play's been a big success for two years already."

"I wouldn't care if it had been a success for twenty years. I still think it's a bum piece, and I know I could fix it up."

"Georgie, please, please," mother pleaded.

Nothing more was said until we got to the boarding house. We entered through the basement door as a short cut to the dining room, and when we got inside, the strains of Hot Tamale Alley came floating from the parlor on the floor above. A sister team was rehearsing the ditty with a view to placing it in their act.

"I guess a few songs like that wouldn't help that play any, eh?" I remarked as we sat at the table.

I won't attempt a description of any of the boarders in this Fourteenth Street establishment. Suffice it to say that they were all as hungry as they looked, and always on hand for the mad dash every time the dining room bell rang. They were there full strength when we arrived for lunch.

A song and dance man sitting next to me said: "I hear you folks are going with April Fool. Is that right?"

"Yes; we just came from rehearsal."

"What part are you playing?"

"The low comedy."

"Not the part Midgely played last season?"

"Yes; why?"

"Well, you've got a fine young job in front of you." And he laughed so heartily that his napkin slipped out from under his collar.

"What's the idea of the outburst?" I inquired. He tried to answer, but couldn't, he was laughing so hard.

"Was Midgely a big hit?" I asked.

"A big hit? He was a riot." He tucked the napkin in again and went after the apple sauce.

"Fried sausage or baked beans?" the waitress leaned over and asked as she brushed away the crumbs in front of me.

"Neither; just bring me a cup of coffee." My appetite had entirely disappeared. The song and dance man had killed all desire for food.

I swallowed the coffee, ran upstairs to my room, and stood in front of the bureau looking-glass, where I talked to Gus Williams like a Dutch Uncle until Josie called to me that the folks were ready, and we all started back to rehearsal.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CRITICS AT WORK.

THEN followed three weeks of rehearsals with the April Fool piece, during which I stood the gaff without a murmur. Williams spent most of his time rehearsing me in the scenes I played opposite him.

"Midgely used to do so and so," and "Midgely scored a laugh by such and such a bit of business," he'd explain during the direction.

"If this guy thinks I'm going to give an imitation of this other bird, he's crazy. I've got my own conception of this thing, but I'll let him have his own way about it till the opening night." Those were my feelings in the matter; but, without expressing them, I continued to follow his instructions to the letter, so everything went along swimmingly for the time being.

We opened the season in Newark the first week in September, and I walked on the stage at the first performance and offered an entirely different idea of the part than either Williams or Midgely had ever thought of. Instead of the silly kid character I was supposed to be, and had been rehearsed to play, I twisted the thing around to a flip, impudent, dashing young juvenile in a low comedy make-up. When the first act curtain fell Williams rushed at me.

"What are you trying to do, ruin this play? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"What's the matter with you?" I came back. "I made them laugh, didn't I?" My family ran over to protect me. The rest of the cast gathered around, too.

"You go on there and play the next two acts the way you were rehearsed, do you understand? If you don't you'll go out of that stage door with your trunk flying after you." Then, turning to Dad, who stood there, white with rage, Williams continued: "Jerry, did you see what this kid did to me in that first act?"

For the first time in his life Dad took a swing at me. I ducked. Mother and Josie screamed with fright, and I took it on the run to the stage door and out to the alley. Josie came rushing after me.

"Come on, Georgie, you've got to dress for the second act. You don't want to hold this curtain." The poor kid was trembling like a leaf.

"Not a chance; I'm through with this troupe right now. That guy in there talking about ruining his play. Gee! That's rich, that is.

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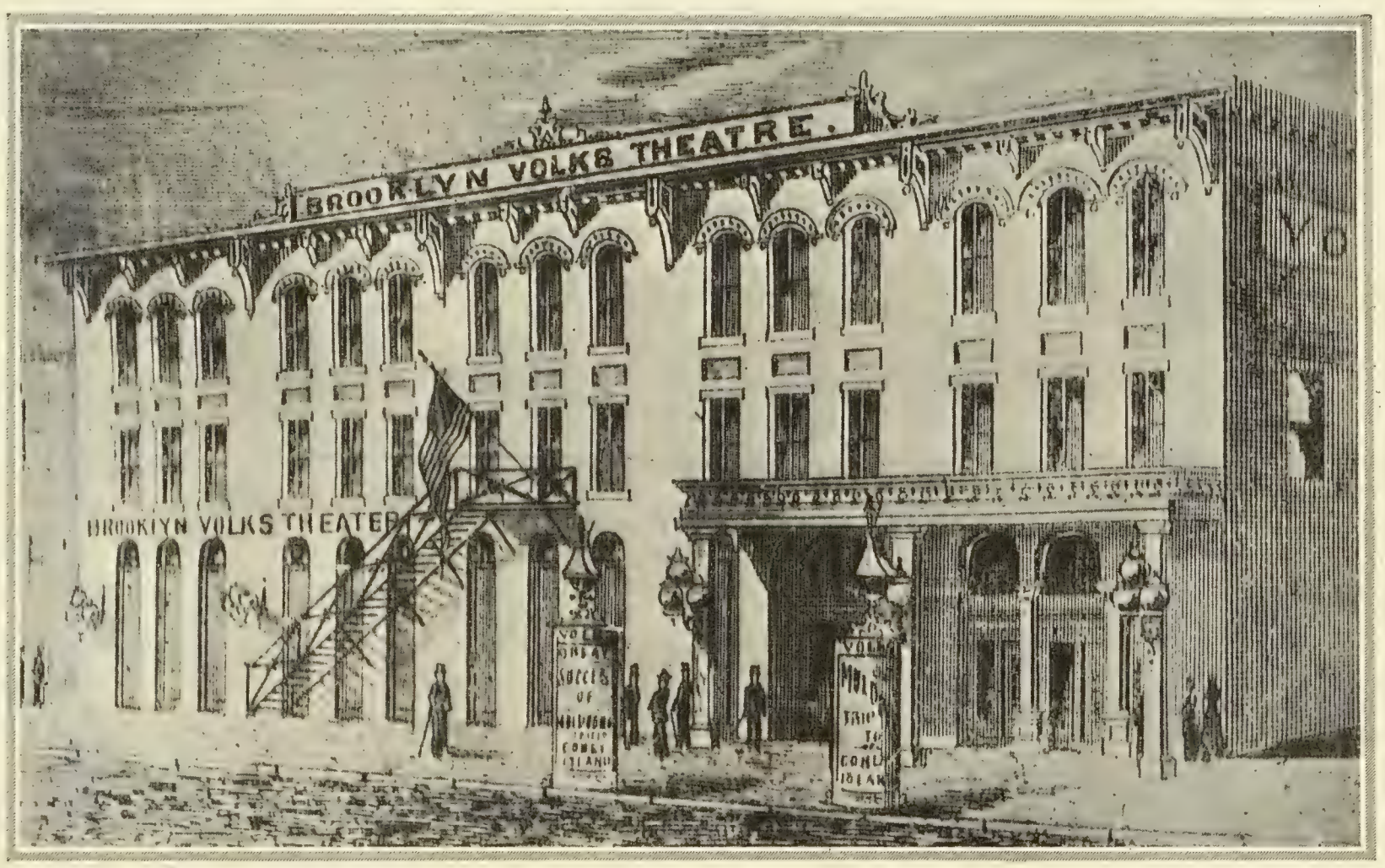

The old Volks Theatre at Adams Street and Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, was partly burned on June 9, 1890; was rebuilt and opened up on November 1 of the same year under the management of Hyde & Behman. From then on it was known as Hyde & Behman's Theater. Originally (in 1870) the building had been used as a public market. P. & A. Photo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

If I couldn't write a better play than that, blindfolded, with my left hand, I'd do a row of flips into the East River."

As I said this I parked myself on the tailboard of a transfer truck standing in the alley, and lit a cigaret. Josie came over to me and begged, "Please, Georgie, please; the folks are in there crying their eyes out. You can't quit in the middle of a performance."

At that moment Williams appeared at the stage door, his coat and vest off, his wig in his hand, and his collar loosened and dangling at his neck. He looked like a wild man to me as he rushed toward the truck followed by mother, who was weeping, and Dad with his arm about her trying to console her, and the balance of the cast tagging on behind.

"Georgie said he'd finish the performance, Mr. Williams. Everything's all right," Josie announced, as they all came forward.

"What the hell are you doing out here?" Williams roared at me.

"Waiting for my trunk. You said you'd throw it out; go ahead and do it." As I said this I slid up from the tailboard and climbed to the driver's seat. I was afraid to let him get near enough to take a punch at me.

"Get down from there and come in and finish this show," Dad hollered, and started to hop on the truck to get at me.

"Wait a second, Jerry, don't do that." As mother said this she pulled him back.

"Yes, wait a minute, Dad," I repeated as I stood on the front seat and raised my hand for silence. "I've got something to say to everybody here." I had spied the house policeman coming through the stage door, followed by the entire crew carrying stage braces and hurrying to what they evidently thought was going to be an alley fight. In a flash I realized that I was in bad and decided to work fast and square myself as soon as I could.

"I'm sorry this thing happened," I went on. "I apologize most abjectly (I'd heard Williams use the word) to you, Dad, to Mother, to Mr. Williams, and everybody here. What I did in that first act I did with all the good intentions in the world. I was only trying to help the play."

"This play doesn't need any help," shouted the company stage manager. He was a little, weazened up, bald-headed guy with gold teeth. I hated him, anyway.

"Maybe it doesn't," I shouted back at him, "but I thought it did. However, if you're all willing to forget what's happened we'll call all bets off and I'll go back in there and play the part the way you want it, and promise never to open my mouth again for the rest of the season."

"Well, then, come on and get at it," hollered Williams, anxious to get the curtain up. And without further comment he made a dash for the stage door, followed by the entire company, including myself. We rushed to our respective dressing rooms and made up for the second act.

The balance of the performance sailed along without any deaths being reported. The members of the company passed me up like a white check, however, so I began figuring to myself that a little more squaring would be necessary to stave off a riot at the finish of the play.

When the curtain fell on the grand musical finale, as the program called it, I walked up to Mr. Williams and added this to my earlier apology:

"Mr. Williams," I began, in the presence of the entire cast, "I want you to know that I'm heartily sorry for what I did in the first act tonight, and if you'll overlook it and ask these other folks to forgive me, I'll guarantee you'll have no further trouble from me as long as I'm in the company."

This seemed to make a hit with him, because he smiled and laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "All right, Georgie; we'll overlook it this time, and if you'll behave yourself we'll all promise not to mention it again." He turned to the company. "Did you hear that, ladies and gentlemen?" They all said they did and agreed to forgive and forget with a uniform nod of their heads.

"Thanks, Mr. Williams," I muttered in hangdog fashion. This sort of thing was very hard for me to take.

"The only thing I'm sorry about," Williams added, "is that these stage hands will more than likely imagine that you're a swelled-headed kid. Of course, we all know better, but you see——"

I interrupted him at this point. "There's nothing swelled headed about me at all, Mr. Williams. I'm too smart to get that way. I could have had a swelled head a long time ago if I wanted to. Why, I've published over two hundred songs. Right now May Irwin is making the hit of her life with one of them. Look at all the sketches I've written for variety teams. I've got a dozen of 'em playing around the country at this minute. But I don't go 'round bragging about it; no, sir, there's nothing swelled headed about me. You didn't hear me making any wise cracks just because I happened to take four or five encores on my specialty in the second act tonight, did you? No, sir; I'm not that sort of a little guy, and I want all the members of this company and the stage hands, and everybody else to understand it, too."

WILLIAMS stood there staring at me for several seconds and then broke into a hearty laugh. The balance of the troupe followed suit. They all started toward the dressing rooms, leaving me in the center of the last act set with the bald-headed, gold-toothed stage manager, who stood with his hands on his hips, looking at me as though I was a freak. After a couple of seconds he turned and shouted to the departing cast, "Rehearsal, ten-thirty tomorrow morning." Then he swung around to me again. "Come on," he said, and half pushed me aside, "give us the stage, please," and he clapped his hands and hollered, "Strike," and the crew got busy removing the scenery.

I started to walk to my dressing room, and, as I look back now, I'll swear it seemed the longest walk I'd ever taken in all my life.

I intended to stop in my parents' room before I retired that night, and explain to them again how much I regretted my mistake, but on passing their door, which happened to be half opened, I heard Dad say:

"Of course, I don't want to break the boy's spirit, or anything like that, but just one more exhibition of this kind and he's going to get all that's coming to him, and, believe me, it won't be conversational punishment, either."

On hearing this I quietly sneaked to my room and started to write a poem called The Best Dad in the World. The first two lines ran:

My father gave me everything
that any father could;
He never laid a hand on me, I
knew he never would.

My poetry was always written to fit the situation.

The following morning the Newark dramatic critic, after giving the piece a fairly good notice, spoke of me as follows:

> The fourth member of the Cohan family was programmed as George M. What the "M" stands for was not revealed last evening. It was, however, the only one thing about his performance that reminded us at all of "Midgely," who appeared here in the same part last season.

"I wonder what that guy means by that?" I said to myself, as I read it over the second time.

NO one referred to the notice at rehearsal that morning and, although I kept on wondering whether it was a knock or a boost, I was far too proud to bring the matter up, so I let it go by default until that evening when the gold-toothed stage manager came into my dressing room to hang up his coat.

"The morning paper kind of panned you a little, didn't it?" he remarked. He was glad of it, too. I got it all in a flash.

"Sure it did," I shot back. "And I'll bet you or anybody else a hundred dollar note that the guy that wrote that notice has got a lot of gold stuck in his teeth."

He gave me a hard look, removed his coat from the hook, and walked out of the room. You can imagine what that baby thought of me the balance of the season.

For thirty-five of the longest weeks of my life, we toured throughout the country with April Fool and, wherever we played, the set speech seemed to be, "What became of the fellow that played your part last season?" I listened to the singing of his praises from Belfast, Maine, to Kansas City.

Even then, as a seventeen-year-old trouper, I solemnly swore to myself that never again, if I could possibly sidestep the issue, would I follow any man in a part he had created.

I lived up to this promise for twenty-five years. In 1918, however, I was forced into another man's rôle in a comedy which I had written for the Cohan Theater. The other fellow hopped out because he thought the play was a failure and I had jumped in to prove that it wasn't. I managed to save the situation by turning the piece into a genuine success.

"Cohan luck"—it's proverbial among theater folk. George M. Cohan had to wait a long time for it, but when it came—a landslide! He tells how the landslide broke in the next installment, out next week.

HENDRIK HUDSON discovered Manhattan Island, but George M. Cohan discovered Broadway. From Herald Square to Columbus Circle he made Broadway famous, although it may not be sung that he made it what it is today.

One envious producer, watching Cohan scoring a new hit, remarked:

"George M. found the Gay White Way and added the Red and the Blue to it."

Seventh Episode of This MARRIAGE BUSINESS

SLOW DOWN!

Only One Person Can Drive an Automobile—and Jim Liked Speed, While Kathleen Hated It! Suddenly She Remembered How Florence Had Cured Her Husband. She Tried the Scheme—and Got the Shock of Her Life

Picture by FREDERIC ANDERSON

Of course you are well acquainted with Jim and Kathleen by this time, and have ridden out several domestic storms with them. This is the second of a new series of their intimate revelations in which each writes the story of their differences in their own words and from their own point of view.

The Husband's Side of the Question—By Jim

I HAVE a problem for the manufacturers of motor cars. Let them make a car for man and wife that will travel at two speeds at one and the same time. I offer this suggestion to Mr. Ford or anybody who wants to make such a car, for which there will be a universal demand.

It gets back to the old nursery rhyme:

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.

The advent of the motor car has made a new domestic problem. If the husband is for speed, the wife is for conservative driving. If the wife loves to "step on the gas," then the husband wants to have the pace set by an ice wagon.

I am musing in this apparently jocular mood because I am rather annoyed and baffled by just such an apparently inconsequential problem. It may result more seriously than might appear, but I am telling myself that it will not be my fault if it does.

In this household I guess that I am the one who likes speed. I do not mean that I am a maniac, but half of the fun of driving for me is feeling the air in my face. It exhilarates me. It makes me feel alive. Besides, a car was made for traveling faster than a trot. This generation is geared for faster movement than the one behind it. It moves faster. It may not be moving toward any more definite goal, but it is moving, and I like to move.

Really, I do not get any days off. On Sundays I am actually planning ahead, thinking of the work and things that I will have to do or want to do. I can think best when I am in motion and the faster I move the more I think.

I like the touch of Kathleen beside me in the car. It is the link that holds me to earth when I am dreaming big dreams, building business castles in the air, but castles that I may model after on something more substantial than air. I do not like to be disturbed when I am doing this. It breaks the chain. It stops ideas on which I might cash.

It was drizzling a bit when we went into the country. I was glad of this. There were not so many cars out, and I could have some clear roads to move along at a pace that would keep time with my rapidly moving thoughts.

I can drive well with my mind far away. The process is mechanical with me. I have no ambition to be a Barney Oldfield, and I have no idea of flirting with suicide, but I know myself.

Kathleen started to fidget and complain about the pace. We were not going much over the legal limit. We had the chains on. She began to plead with me to "slow down."

To tell the truth, I was deep in a new scheme for an outdoor campaign at the moment and paid no attention. Then she repeated the request and it irritated me.

That call to "slow down" seemed at the instant to be sort of symbolical. It seemed she might always be asking me to slow down in the business, in my work, and the game of living. Anyhow, that was the thought which hit me at the time. Perhaps I was not myself, but that insistent "slow down" did irritate me.

I recalled when I wanted to go into the savings to take a little flyer in Panhandle Oil she acted much the same way. She advised me not to. In fact she all but demanded that I should not do it. As it was, the stuff rose to nearly double before the bottom fell out of it. I am quite sure that if I had gone in I would have pulled out in time and that we would have made a hundred per cent. But her cry then was, "Slow down."

Another thing which irritated me and made me a little sardonic was that this seemed to be a lack of faith in my driving. Before we were married it seemed to me that any pace I chose to travel would suit Kathleen. Apparently she had changed her attitude.

If Kathleen had been driving I do not think that I would have annoyed her by asking for more speed. Only one can drive at a time in the current type of car, and I was driving.

Finally she did a very silly thing. She demanded that I stop the car. Then she got out and told me she would prefer to walk. There was a trolley right by, so I was sure that she could get home without any particular trouble, and I became stubborn. I decided that she should have her way. If I had yielded then she would have thought me weak. Once she told me that she never could respect a weak man. So she brought it all on herself.

I am not the sort of man that will be on the alert to foresee all of a woman's whims, not even my wife's. They say the French men are that way. Well, if they are, their women do not expect to be taken in a sane and literal fashion. Ours do or at least they say they do.

I must admit I did waver a bit, but there was something in Kathleen's attitude that steeled me to do what I felt I had to do for the sake of our future relations. I drove off and left her there to make her own way back home as she insisted.

I have heard a story which wound up with the woman saying, "Of course, I wanted to. But you should not have let me do what I wanted. What did I marry you for? I could do what I wanted to do before I was married. I married so that I would not be let do what I wanted to do."

I cannot study those whims and I will not. Suppose it had been I who insisted upon getting out and going by myself, and, after making that declaration, had listened to persuasion to make me change my mind. I do not think Kathleen would have had much regard for me afterward. No. What I did had to be done.

The Wife's Side of the Question—By Kathleen

I HAVEN'T spoken to Jim for a whole day. I don't know how I am ever going to speak to him again.

Sunday we went out driving in our little old car. There was a lot of traffic getting out of town, and the roads were skiddy, as there had been a lot of rain. I kept asking Jim not to go so fast. It really was dangerous. And he kept on driving just as he pleased. Of course, he'd pretend to sort of slow down, at first, when I asked him. And then, the first thing I'd know, the speedometer would be away up again. Or even if it wasn't, we were going too fast anyway, considering the condition of the streets.

This kept up all the way, until my nerves were completely on edge, and Jim's, too. I got tired of saying, "Please, Jim! slow down! Please." And I suppose he got tired of hearing it. Though he didn't say anything. Just drove on, and just as fast.

I got to thinking of Florence Mathews, and Gordon. It was natural I would, because Florence had the same trouble to contend with for years with Gordon; only with her it was a little different because in the beginning she used to like fast driving. I've always hated it.

I remember how Florence would brag about Gordon's driving before they were married; his daring, his judgment, his coördination. Particularly his coördination. But afterward it began to get on her nerves, until finally she could hardly bear to drive with him at all.

She tried asking him to slow down, to be a little more careful, and all that. But he just laughed and went merrily on. Of course, his case was a little different from Jim's because for a long time he couldn't believe Florence meant it. She had been so complacent about it before.

That was her difficulty—getting Gordon to believe she meant it.

Mine is—simply getting Jim to pay any at-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KATHLEEN—I said, "I do," so he stopped the car and let me down. Calmly drove off. Drove all the way back to New York and left me there to plow back to the trolley.

JIM—There was something in Kathleen's attitude that steeled me to do what I felt I had to do. I drove off and left her there to make her own way back home.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

tention to me. He knows I mean it, all right. But he goes merrily on.

Well, the last time I saw Florence, I met her in a woman's sport goods shop. She was buying a little hat for motoring, so the subject came up. She said she expected to drive a lot with Gordon again because, at last, she'd got him slowed down. I said:

"For pity's sake, how?" Then she told me.

She and Gordon were driving in the country, and he was going along, well—too fast. So Florence finally made him stop, and she got out. It was on a lonely road, and getting dark, so, of course, he wasn't going to leave her there. And when he realized that she'd actually rather be left than ride with him at the lick he'd been going, it suddenly dawned on him that she meant it when she asked him to slow down. So he begged her to get back in, and they continued on at a decent twenty or twenty-five miles an hour.

Well, I thought of that yesterday when Jim and I were skidding down Long Island at forty miles on wet roads. (Jim, of course, would say that is nothing.) I thought I would try it, and yet, at the time, I had my doubts!

Jim is different from Gordon.

I thought if anything unforeseen should happen, I'd better be on the safe side. So I waited until we'd shot past a trolley, and then I demanded to be let down. I explained I'd rather walk home than go on at the rate we were going.

Jim said, "Do you mean it?"

I said, "I do."

So he stopped the car (almost turned half around doing it) and let me down. He said again:

"Do you really mean it?" And when I nodded, he *DROVE OFF!*

That's exactly what he did. Calmly drove off. Drove all the way back to New York and left me there to plow back to the trolley and straggle home, transferring around through Brooklyn for hours before I found a subway. And only to get out of the subway in a pouring rain!

I was boiling mad.

And when I tried to get some satisfaction out of him, all he'd say was:

"But you said you wanted to!"

So I've quit trying to talk to him. I haven't spoken to him all day today, either.

Of course, I always knew Jim was a lot different from Gordon. But what I'm wondering now is,—if I hadn't got down near a trolley, would Jim have left me there, just the same? Would he?

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Young Bill and Peggy, You See, Were in Love, and Her Father Was a Terror Who Hated Reporters, So Bill Just Had to Do Something to Win Over the Pompous Old Curmudgeon!

Thrift

By
WILLIAM
ALMON
WOLFF

Pictures by R. F. JAMES

"O, dear!" said Peggy—for that was the rest of her name. "He hates reporters so!" "He would!" said Bill.

WILLIAM DANE CRUGER, who was known to his intimates more simply as Bill, dropped into the office of the *Star* on a certain Saturday in June without any idea at all that he was going to spend that night in Brantwich. He wasn't doing much thinking, anyway. He didn't feel like thinking.

He didn't know, either, that Brantwich was celebrating, that day, the one—or the two or three—hundredth anniversary of its foundation; and, if he had known that, the knowledge would have left him profoundly not excited. Because he probably didn't even know that Carter Patterson, the owner of the *Star* and of many prime stocks and bonds as well, spent his summers in Brantwich, and was the owner of one of the showiest of its show places.

The city editor, one Johnson, knew all these things that Bill didn't know, however. And he had on his desk a note from Carter Patterson, indicating a desire that one of the *Star's* best reporters should cover the Brantwich celebration, and that that journal should, the next morning, describe it at length. City editors like to humor the owners of their newspapers about such matters, when possible. So when Bill came in Johnson hailed him.

"O, Bill!" he shouted. And when Bill went over to the desk Johnson handed him a sheaf of press agent matter about the Brantwich affair, with a red pencil circle about the date, Bill took the documents; a glance acquainted him with the nature of his assignment. He looked at his chief, more in sorrow than in anger.

"You're covering this show," said Johnson.

"Me?" said Bill.

"You. The big boss lives there."

"O!" said Bill, enlightened.

"He's making a speech at the dinner. We've got that. Give 'em up to two columns besides. Man called Brown up there will give you the dope—secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Put your stuff on the wire—Saturday night. Don't try to come in to write it. If we miss the first edition we're sunk!"

"I see," said Bill. He wasn't pleased, but it was a dull day, and two columns of this stuff would add up to just two columns when he pasted up his space. "Brantwich—Brantwich—wait a minute—I know a chap up there. Been after me to come out. I might stay with him and shoot some golf tomorrow. All right with you?"

"I don't give a hoot what you do," said Johnson. "Get in in time for that Keefer trial Monday, that's all!"

So Bill telephoned to Jim Hayden and got his invitation, and went home for a bag and his golf sticks, and went to Brantwich, looking like a week-ender and not at all the way people think a reporter should. Jim Hayden met him at the station, and drove him through streets bedecked with flags and strings of colored lanterns. Brantwich, Bill saw, was behaving as towns always do that are celebrating a centennial or the acquisition of a new fire engine or the coming of the convention of the Fraternal Order of White Mice.

IT didn't seem to be anything special in the way of towns, Bill thought. There was one business street, and a rather run-down central residence section, but Jim explained that there were a lot of nice places down by the water, and plenty of smaller but pleasant ones farther back. Not that Bill cared. It struck him as being extremely doubtful whether he would

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ever see Brantwich again. He was wrong about that, though.

After dinner he went reluctantly to work, having enjoyed that meal and liked Jim's wife. But he had to find Brown and look in, at least, at the dinner at the Brantwich Inn. Brown was a good egg, and gave him only what he asked for in the way of information.

"Well, that's about all, I guess," he said. "I've got all the speeches, of course——"

"I suppose you wrote them?" said Bill.

"Some of them," Brown admitted. "Not Carter Patterson's, though."

"I should hope not!" said Bill, scandalized. "Mart Tupper writes all his for him!"

"And not S. J. MacVeagh's, either," said Brown, with concentrated bitterness. "And just wait till you hear the big stiff!"

"I don't want to hear him," said Bill. "I know lots of big stiffs my own self. Tell me about him, though—I can see you want to."

Brown struggled to rise to the occasion, but failed.

"He's—he's a—a big stiff," he said feebly. "He's president of the Chamber of Commerce——"

"Ah!" said Bill sympathetically. "Each of us has his cross to bear, though, Brown. I believe you know Carter Patterson?"

Brown waved the interruption aside.

"President of the bank. Wholesale lumber—coal—hardware—biggest stockholder in this inn. Gets them coming and going. Thinks he's God."

"I've met some of his relatives," said Bill. "You—ah—don't like him, Brown?"

"Come and look at him—listen to him," said Brown simply.

It was, Bill felt, a fine answer. He thought so all the more after he had, for five minutes, looked at and listened to S. J. MacVeagh in the act of making a speech. It was the speech about thrift; the one bankers often make about spending just a little less than you earn, and watching your own home. It wasn't the speech that impressed Bill, though; it was S. J. MacVeagh's own quality. The man was so richly and finely unctuous. He was so absolutely the archtype of the portly and dignified man who persists in leading small boys into temptation during a snowstorm by wearing a silk hat.

"O, well, cheer up, Brown," said Bill, after a while. "He'll get caught at something some time. You just wait."

Brown refused to be comforted; he had probably, Bill decided, overdrawn his account in S. J. MacVeagh's bank. But that didn't alter the fact that Bill had to write his story, so, after he had waited until Mr. Patterson had safely begun to read Mart Tupper's speech, he went over to the telegraph office and did his stuff, including a vivid account of the dance which would soon be starting at the Kissahickie Club, the final event of the celebration.

He rather let himself go about that dance, describing the quaint and picturesque costumes of the period of Brantwich's beginnings. He was going on to the dance himself, later, in a costume Mrs. Hayden was even now improvising for him, but by that time, of course, the linotypers would already be setting up his account of it.

THE dance surprised Bill a good deal. The club, to begin with, was all a good country club should be, and the girls were simply prodigious. Tradition hadn't bothered them a bit. They wore, cheerfully, costumes for which their female progenitors of the colonial Brant- which would certainly have been put in the stocks.

It was a real party, and it made Bill regret that so many of his nights had to be given up to work. And, in the course of things, he met one girl, in particular. That is, he didn't exactly meet her, but he looked at her, and she looked at him, and they drifted into a dance and found one another amusing, and went outside to see if that sort of thing seemed likely to go on. And one word led to another, and it seems possible that Bill kissed her. Anyway, some time after that, he found out her name.

"I don't believe it," he said, flatly. "Not—not MacVeagh!"

"Yes," she said, and made a face. "I know what's happened. You've met father!"

"I haven't exactly met him," Bill said to comfort her. "I've seen him, though. You see, I'm a reporter——"

"O, dear!" said Peggy—for that was the rest of her name. "He hates reporters so!"

"He would!" said Bill. "You know, I don't want to be——"

"O, never mind all that! Don't you suppose *I* know how trying he can be? He's rather a dear, if you know how to take him, but—well——"

"I know," said Bill. "Did you ever read a book called The Way of All Flesh? It teaches you how not to respect your parents, and it's a classic, so it's perfectly safe to leave it around. I'll send it to you on Monday."

"But it's really rather awful, your being a reporter."

"I've written a play, too."

"But that just makes it worse! He thinks writers and artists are just wasters——"

"My play's going to be produced."

That was so exciting that it threw her off the track, and he had to tell her all about his play, which, of course, was just what he wanted to do. It was rather amusing. He'd finished it two years ago, and a friend of his had taken it to Julius Rosen, who'd read it after keeping it for only six months. And when he had he'd sent for Bill and taken him to lunch and told him he was going to do great things in the theater, and accepted the play, and made Bill sign a contract, and given him a check for five

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He saw Peggy that evening by the simple process of driving to the particular secluded spot they had appointed the evening before.

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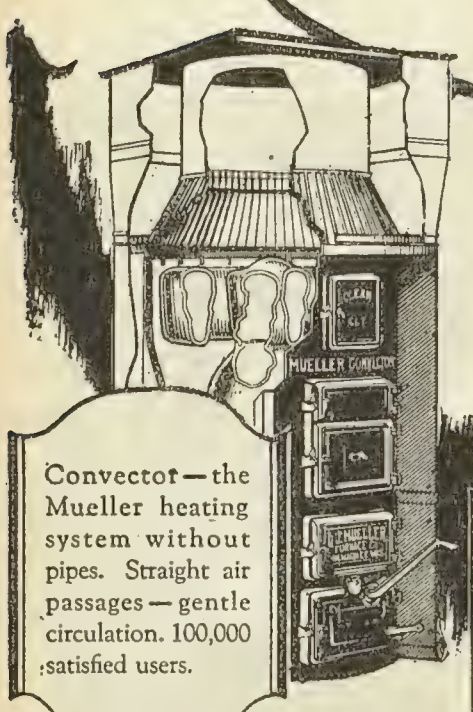

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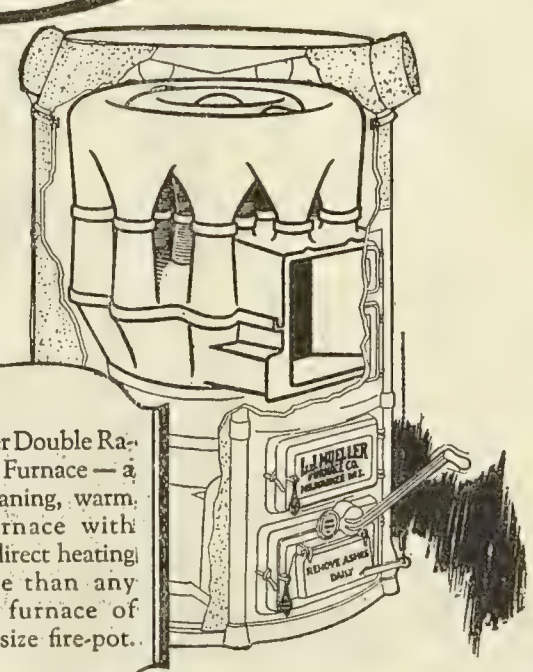

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

hundred dollars as advance royalty. And every three months, regularly, Bill said, he got a letter explaining why the play hadn't been produced yet and assuring him that it was going into rehearsal the next week.

"So I won't always be a reporter," said Bill, "and some time I could deposit a lot of money in your father's bank, or buy some coal from him, or something, so he'd see what a substantial sort of——"

It was just then that Peggy decided that they were going pretty fast, and flushed, though it was too dark for Bill to see that.

"After all," she said, primly, or, at least, as primly as she could, "it doesn't matter what father thinks about you——"

"Right!" said Bill. "Of course it doesn't! That's the spirit! So long as you and I——"

"That's not what I meant at all——"

It is probable—but not certain, because it is hard to secure evidence about such things—that Bill kissed her again about that time, and they went in, a little later, and danced the last dance together, and Bill got a lot of dirty looks from young men who had known Peggy much longer than he had. But he didn't care.

He lay awake a long time that night, thinking deep thoughts and meditating about his future, which, up to then, he had always thought of as pretty sure to take care of itself.

IN the morning he played rotten golf and insisted on talking all the time to Jim Hayden, who, as he was playing Bill for a ball a hole, didn't care how much Bill's mind—and Bill's drives—wandered.

"I think it's time I settled down," said Bill. "When I see the way you're established here, Jim—and think of myself, wasting my time in the newspaper game! There's no future in it. Here today; forgotten tomorrow! I'd like to have a home and live a clean, sane life out here, instead of frowsting in the city——"

"Yeah," said Jim, as his putt went down for a win. "Wish a good bootlegger'd start up around here, though. Darned nuisance, having to carry it out, couple of bottles at a time."

There wasn't, Bill saw, any use in trying to discuss the higher things of life with Jim. Mrs. Jim was better. She'd seen what she'd seen, the night before, and she liked Peggy.

"Her father's awful, though," she said. "He seems to hate any man who looks at her. Peggy doesn't let him cramp her style much, of course, but it's a strain for her, just the same. And he treats his wife abominably—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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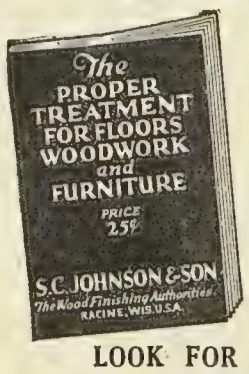

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"That's all right," said Bill. "I wouldn't like it either. No man wants to see his father-in-law in jail."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

grudges her every penny she spends. He's a regular old Scrooge."

"O, well!" said Bill, handsomely, "he may have a bum liver."

IMPORTANT events occurred in Bill's life during the next few weeks. He actually did resign from the *Star* and took, pending the production of his play, a job with *Morton's Weekly* doing special articles and editorial work, which left his evenings and his week-ends free. And he got Jim Hayden to put him up at the Kissahickie Club and moved out there. Also, he bought a snappy roadster and opened an account in the Brantwich National Bank—though he didn't ask to meet President MacVeagh—and he got engaged to Peggy.

They were really very sensible and conservative about getting engaged; they waited until Bill's second week-end, though they'd both of them known, really, that first night. Things do happen that way, sometimes. But, although Bill was inclined to be sulky about it, Peggy made him wait about meeting her parents.

"We've got to be diplomatic," she insisted. "I know—I really do. Father's pretty difficult, and he's having one of his fussiest fits just now—he must be worrying about something. I'd tell mother, but she can't keep a thing from father, and he'd be worried about you. He always is——"

She stopped, abruptly, about three words too late.

"O!" said Bill. "He always is, is he?"

"Well," she said, and grew very red, "you know what I mean."

"Yes," said Bill, coldly. "I do."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"It wasn't ever like this," said Peggy, and looked at him.

And he believed her, because it never had been with him, either, so that cloud blew over, and they went back to making plans.

"I want father to be frightfully impressed with you before he knows about us," said Peggy. "And I know how to manage it, too. You must build a house. We'll have to have a place to live, of course—and I know the most heavenly spot for a house——"

Bill agreed with her when he saw it. It was a plot of about two acres, not on the water, but within reach of it, and so high that you could see clear across the Sound to Long Island. And Bill was able to buy it, though it took most of the ready money he had. He didn't mind; he could always make more. And he'd had lunch with Rosen a few days before, and Rosen had brought along a man who was going to stage Bill's play, when it was produced, and knew the names of two of the characters.

"That's wonderful!" said Peggy, when he showed her the deed. "Now we want to get the plans for the house, and then you can go to father and borrow the money to build!"

"I'll be shot if I do!" said Bill.

"Silly—you borrow it from the bank, of course, but you have to see him first. And he's always talking about how people ought to build their homes. That's how the bank makes money — by lending them enough to do it."

"O!" said Bill. "I see. That makes him think I'm the white-haired boy and he gives us his blessing?"

"Yes. Can't you see how much better that'll be?"

"Ye-es," said Bill, doubtfully. "If it works out that way. How about getting Steve Murchison to do the plans? He was in my class, and they say he's a pretty good architect."

"He's wonderful! It would be thrilling to have him do our house!"

II.

SO Murchison came out for a Sunday, and they looked at the land, all three of them. And in a couple of weeks he sent some plans, and Peggy suggested a few changes, and they were made. And then they came back, in their final form, with a guaranteed estimate from a contractor Murchison knew, who agreed to bond himself to build the house for sixteen thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and eighteen cents.

"Fair enough, I'd say," said Bill. "Not that I know anything about it! But will the bank lend me all that?"

"Of course! You own the land—lots of people don't have that much to start with!"

So Bill let his regular train go the next day and went to the bank and got Jack North, the paying teller, to introduce him to S. J. MacVeagh. He grinned a little at the thought of what S. J. MacVeagh would say if he knew about how he and Peggy had been meeting one another everywhere. But what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him, at that.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Cruger!" said S. J. MacVeagh, holding on to Bill's hand. "So you're one of our depositors! Well, well!" His tone was genial, but he had big, bushy eyebrows and glasses with thick lenses, and when he looked at you you knew how it would feel to be pleading guilty to arson or kidnaping or some equally unpleasant crime. "I'm always glad to know our depositors. This is a friendly bank, Mr. Cruger—it's not like the soulless institutions of a great city! We want our depositors to feel that this bank is their friend—their adviser—their—er—friend."

"I see," said Bill. "Thanks, very much. I—well—the fact is, I'd like to borrow some money."

AT once a great change took place in S. J. MacVeagh. The breath seemed to go out of him in one vast exhalation. His gaze was fixed upon Bill, who, under it, felt himself shrinking. Bill had met, and remained unimpressed by, any number of great men in his time. But he was impressed now, in spite of himself.

"So—you want—a loan!" S. J. MacVeagh said at last. "To what amount?"

"Sixteen thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and eighteen cents," he said. "I don't know what the eighteen cents is for—a doorknob, I suppose. You see, I'm building a house and that's the estimate."

S. J. MacVeagh looked grave.

"Ah!" he said. "Yes, I see." He reached for a pad and a pencil and began writing down figures. "We must see what can be done. Money is tight, Mr. Cruger—very tight. I am disposed to view the general business situation with alarm. The outlook is most discouraging. The spirit of the country is bad—very bad. You encounter radical sentiments everywhere. Respect for law has never been at a lower ebb. My position here is that of a trustee. I have to consider and conserve the interests of our depositors, who have reposed their confidence in me. You, as a depositor, must appreciate that. H'm. What is your business, Mr. Cruger?"

"I'm one of the editors of *Morton's Weekly*," said Bill. It seemed wiser to say nothing of his regrettable lapses into writing.

"Ah! And your salary is——? You understand, I am obliged to ask these personal questions——."

Bill told him, and S. J. Mac-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Veagh frowned. Until then Bill had thought well of his salary.

"Your plans might be regarded as rather out of proportion to your income. You understand that a building loan is repayable in monthly installments? It is not like a mortgage, which may run indefinitely."

"I can take care of that, all right," said Bill, with a show of returning spirit. "And I own outright the land I'm going to build on."

S. J. MacVeagh didn't seem pleased.

"You've already bought your building site? Ah—a pity, a great pity. I was thinking—it so happens that the bank owns, and stands ready to sell, a most desirable site on the Creek Road. A loan might have been easier to arrange had you purchased that."

"I can't, though," said Bill. "I've got this other——"

"Yes, I see, I quite see. Well—you have an architect, I take it—if you have secured an estimate."

"Yes. Murchison—an old friend of mine."

"Ah—yes. Had you come to us first, we might have suggested Mr. Wishorne, who has drawn plans for many of our local houses. But Mr. Murchison stands high—very high. As to a builder——"

"That's all settled, too," said Bill brightly. "Murchison got a guaranteed estimate from Tredway & Jones, of New York."

Mr. MacVeagh looked pained. But he took the papers Bill offered him.

"I will take the matter up with the directors, Mr. Cruger," he said. "I shall be able to give you an answer soon—within a week, say, at the latest. It is possible—possible, I say—that we may be able to help you. You shall hear from me."

The interview, obviously, was at an end.

"Whew!" said Bill, when he was outside.

HE saw Peggy that evening by the simple process of driving to the secluded spot they had appointed the evening before, where Peggy parked her car and got into his.

"Not so good," Bill answered, when Peggy asked him how things stood. "I said my piece, all right, but your father didn't seem to think I was any financial giant. Seemed to think I was rather a worm, if you ask me."

"O, he's always like that," said Peggy. "Tell me what happened—every word you both said!"

He told her.

"I never thought about the land!" said Peggy remorsefully. "But that Creek Road lot is awful—it's half swamp, and there are millions of mosquitoes. Father got it for a bad debt, and he's been stuck with it for years——"

"He said the bank owned it!"

"Well, he's the bank. Never mind, though. It'll be all right. They always act as if they wouldn't lend people money at first."

Bill carried his doubts home with him that night just the same. But he got a note, the next morning but one, asking him to call at the bank, and he found S. J. MacVeagh in what Bill took to be, for him, a genial mood.

"I have been looking into your affair, Mr. Cruger," he said. "We bankers, as you may have heard, pride ourselves on our judgment. I am disposed to lend my influence to your application when it comes before the board. But first there are one or two matters I want to discuss with you."

"Yes?" said Bill. This was better. The old boy sounded almost human.

"I have looked over your plans. As I said, I should perhaps have been better pleased had they been drawn by Wishorne. But Mr. Murchison's plans call for a very pretty house—one that would be an ornament and a noteworthy addition to our rapidly growing little community. However——"

"Yes?" said Bill again.

"I have studied the estimates very carefully. And I took the liberty of submitting them to some of our local contractors. They pointed out to me some serious errors—due, probably, to the fact that your people were not familiar with local conditions here. They have prepared, for your approval, a new and more exact estimate. Here are the figures."

FEAR
GREED
HATRED

One of these emotions always rules "*The Stool Pigeon*," the law's best aid against criminals.

GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

In next week's Liberty there's a graphic story about the "peacher" by the man who solved the Rosenthal murder, the famous deputy police commissioner of New York:

George S. Dougherty

Bill's eye went at once to the total.

"But——!" he said. "This estimate is for eighteen thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars and ninety-four cents—and the other people only want sixteen thousand odd!"

S. J. MacVeagh beamed through his glasses.

"The low price is not always the cheapest," he said. "I am an older man than you, and a more experienced one. You have a guaranteed estimate—but let me assure you that contractors seldom let a guarantee stand in the way of their profit! If they have made a mistake in their estimate they find a way of transferring the loss to their client."

"But Murchison wouldn't let them put anything over on me!"

S. J. MacVeagh began to lose some of his geniality.

"The decision, of course, rests with you," he said. "I can only say that, foreseeing the need of more money to complete the work if it is executed by Tredway & Jones, I could not recommend the acceptance of your application should you award the contract to them."

"But—I feel that I'm committed to them," said Bill.

"That is unfortunate—most unfortunate. You have, in my judgment, been precipitate. It is the fault of youth. Good day, Mr. Cruger. You will be advised, in due course, of the board's action!"

Bill went out, wrathfully. He'd be hanged if he'd be held up! Pay interest—and all the regular charges—and eighteen hundred and seventy-three dollars and seventy-six cents to boot! To a contracting firm probably owned by S. J. MacVeagh himself! Not if he knew it! He'd get the money somehow—he'd make Peggy marry him right away, anyway, now that her idea had proved to be a bloomer!

But when he saw Peggy and told her the bank had turned him down—which it did, formally, that afternoon—she cried.

"O, dear!" she said. "Bill, I wish you'd done what father told you to! He'd have liked you, then, and everything would have been all right, and I'd have got the money back from him as a wedding present! But he'll be frightfully down on you now."

Her point of view shocked Bill, and he tried to make her see how immoral it was and that two wrongs didn't make one right and all that. He couldn't, though; she persisted in sticking to what in her stubborn, girl fashion she insisted on calling the main point. They didn't have a quarrel, exactly, but they came closer to it than they ever had before, and Bill never did get around to proposing his solution—which was that they should run away and get married and then ask S. J. MacVeagh what he was going to do about it. It didn't seem to be an auspicious time for doing that. He felt pretty savage. He called up Julius Rosen in New York the next morning and was decidedly short with him.

"Look here," he said, "I'm tired of the way you're stalling."

"But, listen," said Rosen in a shocked voice—for that wasn't the way unproduced playwrights talked to a great manager—"I'm just now trying to get Henry Beres——"

"Yes, and last time it was Herbert Whosis, and the time before it was Dorothy Whatshername, and next it'll be John Barrymore! You get busy or I'll take the play back. I can, under my contract."

He'd planned to stay in town that night, because he had so see, in connection with an article he was doing, some people who couldn't be reached till late in the evening. And he wasn't sorry, things at Brantwich being as they were. Just as well to give Peggy time to get over feeling as she did.

He didn't feel like going to bed when his work was done, so he wandered downtown to look up certain former associates in the newspaper game and found Pete Daley in Mike's place, who made a secret sign for Bill to follow him outside. Bill went, joyously.

"Lawlor," said Pete, naming a prohibition enforcement man Bill, too, knew well, "says he's staging a good raid. Might make the last edition. I'll phone Hayes to be ready if I get it in time."

He didn't have a chance, as soon developed, to make any edition of a morning paper, but even after it became apparent that the evening papers would have any story there was, professional instinct kept Pete on the job, and Bill went along.

Before the night was done and the dawn appeared, rosily, in the eastern sky Bill had been in strange places: in rat infested cellars along the waterfront; in queer, smelly, old warehouses; in a swift motor boat that found its way in and out among wharves and piers and spilled its load of revenue men, at last, over the side of a big barge, moored to a South Brooklyn pier. A solitary man was on the barge, and Bill and Pete both laughed when they saw him throw up his hands and surrender. For he was known to them both: Solly Loeb, long a hanger-on of Broadway gambling houses and pool rooms.

"Guess we've got you, Solly," said Lawlor.

"Looks so," said Loeb. "Can I phone my lawyer to get bail?"

"Sure. Where's the stuff?"

The gold fillings of Solly's front teeth flashed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

in the light of Lawlor's pocket torch. He made a racial gesture.

"We'll find it later," said Lawlor. "You stay aboard, Smith. All right. Come along."

"Shucks!" said Pete. "Two sticks for the evening edition! Hell of a story to keep me out all night for!"

But Bill wasn't so sure.

"I don't know, Pete," he said. "Looks queer to me. Too easy. I'd bet money Solly knew that raid was coming."

"What of it?" said Pete.

"Search me! But that's your story. Dig it out, you wage slave!"

"Not me! I'm going home and get some sleep."

III.

BILL had no time for sleep. He went back to his hotel for a cold shower and breakfast and then went about his day's work. The loss of a night's sleep struck him as inconsequential, anyway. Yet, although he didn't realize it, it had a certain effect upon his nerves and made him jumpy and irritable as the day wore on. He refused to talk to Julius Rosen, though that impresario called him up three times, and he postponed telephoning to Peggy, who had left an urgent message while he was out, and forgot to call her till he was on the train.

He was chuckling then, though, for he had found the clews to the queer business the night before. He had met Solly Loeb, resplendent in a vivid check suit and a Bangkok hat, adorned by a band the most marvelous ever seen outside the flag locker of a South American battleship, in Forty-second Street.

"Hello!" Bill said. "Got bail all right?"

"All set!" said Solly. "Say, they haven't got a thing on me!" He was laughing. "Say, this is too good to keep! There wasn't a drop of stuff on that barge!"

Bill stared.

"The evening papers said there was fifty thousand dollars' worth of rye and gin!"

"Sure—they always do! But there wasn't. They won't say that, though. Lawlor won't give that out!"

And he laughed some more.

"What's the big idea?" asked Bill.

"Listen: when they come up and ask you to take it away from them what are you going to do? I ask you! A bunch of wise guys with a roll come and say they want to make some dough running hootch. So I say I'll swing the deal—for a ten per cent commission. And now they can read about the raid and how I'm pinched—see? So they're out. We spent their dough and Uncle Sam got their hootch. See?"

Bill saw.

"They asked for it, all right," he said. "Better look out, though, Solly. Lawlor might get sore."

"He might get over being sore, too. Say, if you want to get in on something good——"

"Got to catch a train—so long, Solly," said Bill, and ran, chuckling.

BUT he didn't chuckle much when he reached Brantwich and telephoned to Peggy. S. J. MacVeagh himself answered the telephone, which was ominous as well as unusual.

"You cannot speak to my daughter, you—you unprincipled, sneaking libertine! I have forbidden her to hold any communication with you, you bankrupt penny-a-liner——"

"Is that so?" said Bill, as the receiver was slammed down at MacVeagh's end of the wire. He knew his reply was inadequate, but, after all, anything good would have been wasted on MacVeagh just then.

Bill was annoyed, but he was not at all depressed. After all, there'd have to be a showdown now, and he was tired of all this hole-in-the-corner business. He went around at once to see the Haydens, and found that they knew all about what had happened.

"There's been the most frightful row!" said Molly Hayden. "Someone told him about you and Peggy—you've been about as secretive as a pair of ostriches with their heads in the sand, you! I think he's locked Peggy in her room. But she'll get out. Trust Peg!"

"I do," said Bill, deeply contented. The old goat! Not to know he'd done the one thing to make Peggy do what Bill had been trying all the time to make her do—marry him at once! All he had to do now was to get in touch with her. And he could manage that, somehow, after he'd had some sleep. It was there, at the Haydens, that his weariness attacked him as with a heavy club, felling him, so to speak, in his tracks.

HE didn't catch his usual train in the morning. He was still fast asleep when it went. But he woke up at last, and went down to breakfast, and got his mail. But just then he caught a glimpse of a familiar sweater on the porch, and went out in two strides, and there was Peggy, looking sweeter than she ever had, and wistful, as if she was going to cry. He didn't care who saw him; he just snatched her in his arms, and kissed her. And she did cry a little, but she kissed him back, and laughed a little, too.

She'd escaped according to the best traditions, by the roof of the porch and a convenient tree, and she hadn't had any breakfast, either. So they ate their first breakfast together on the club veranda, and made their plans.

"I—I guess we will have to be married—right away," she said. "O, Bill—have you got money enough for me to buy some clothes? I couldn't bring a suitcase even——"

"I'll tell the world I have!" said Bill. "Right in your father's bank!"

So he got his car after breakfast and tucked her in, and left her in it a block away from the bank, while he went to cash a check. And then, just as he was going in, he saw a little man coming out, in a check suit and a marvelous hatband.

"Solly Loeb!" he said. "For the love of Pete!"

He stopped. His jaw dropped. A thought that was pure gold had come to him. He swayed for a moment under its impact. It couldn't be! But why else was Solly in Brantwich—Solly!

"Been breaking it to him, eh, Solly?" he said. "How'd he take it?"

"How'd who take what?" said Solly, all innocent wonder. "I don't get you. Just went in to cash a check."

"Cut the comedy, Solly. The old goof'll be my father-in-law before noon!"

Solly's eyes became pools of deep concern.

"Say—I never knew that, Bill!" he said. "But he asked for it—just like I told you yesterday! I give you my word—if I hadn't nicked him the next guy would have——"

"I believe you, Solly! On your way—I won't hold it against you! Keep the change!"

Solly shook a mystified head as Bill, reeling a little, and beginning to chuckle, hysterically, entered the bank.

"Gee—glad I don't hit the stuff!" Solly said. "I'd rather just sell it and stick to ginger ale!"

Inside the bank Bill wrote a check, ostentatiously. As he pushed it over to Jack North he could hear bellowings in S. J. MacVeagh's private office. And a moment later the great man himself came charging out.

"You—Cruger!" he shouted. "Come in here!"

S. J. MACVEAGH was very angry. He wanted to know where his daughter was—having just been apprised, seemingly, of her escape.

"Peggy?" Bill had recovered his poise. "She's in my car, at the corner of Main and Greene, waiting for me to come back with this money I just got. Then we're going to New York to be married. And when we come back——"

There was a fine display of S. J. MacVeagh's powers of invective. There were remarks about the police and abduction. There was a hand reached out for the telephone.

"I wouldn't—really, I wouldn't," said Bill. "Let's keep the police out of this. They might make Solly Loeb so nervous he'd tell things. He doesn't mind New York cops, but up here——"

MacVeagh's jaw dropped, and his face turned to a pasty yellowish white as he stared at Bill.

"You know Solly," said Bill. "He was in just now, wasn't he, to tell you about that raid? I was there. It wouldn't look well if it all came out and you were indicted, would it? If people got the idea that the reason the bank didn't have any money to lend for building homes was that you and the other directors were putting it into wholesale bootlegging?"

S. J. MacVeagh's face was purple now. He tried to say something.

"That's all right," said Bill. "I wouldn't like it, either. No man wants to see his father-in-law in jail. You'd better phone home that it's all right for Peggy to get anything she wants, hadn't you? Though I think it'll be better if we stick to our plan to go to New York and have a quiet wedding. You're a little short, probably, and big weddings cost money."

He was almost, but not quite, sorry for S. J. MacVeagh then. And, to give him time to catch his breath, he took out his mail.

"You won't mind if I glance at these?" he asked politely. Bill's manners were very good. But a moment later he began to laugh, rather helplessly. For the first—and only—letter he opened was from Julius Rosen. It set forth that Bill's play was going to be produced in Stamford in three weeks, and in New York as soon as it was pronounced fit for that ordeal. And, further, that Julius had, pursuant to their contract, disposed of the moving picture rights, and was inclosing his check for fifteen thousand dollars, being half of the advance payment received.

The check had fallen to the floor, and S. J. MacVeagh, following his instinct, stooped to recover it. He saw the figures it bore, and the purple smear of the certification stamp. He gasped as he handed it to Bill.

"About that—that loan," he said, humbly. "I—I think we can make it, after all, my—my—dear boy—Bill—if I may call you so——"

"You may!" said Bill. He grinned as he stood up, and his hand fell on his prospective father-in-law's shoulder. "Come on! Be a sport! Come and wish Peggy good luck!"

"I—I will!" said S. J. MacVeagh, drawing a deep breath. "Just indorse that check for deposit first. I—all I've ever wanted was to insure her happiness!"

THE END

FOOTBALL
FOR ALL IT'S WORTH

Revealing the Dozens of Experts, the Expenditures Totaling $50,000 or More, and the Attention to Thousands of Details, Behind Each of the Teams You See at the Big Games

Harvard football end squad practicing fast starts. Above: Percy D. Haughton.

By
N. J. FLATLEY

ELEVEN sturdy young men, wrapped in pads and armor, trot on to a chalk barred field, which glistens in the keen fall sunshine. For an hour or so they chase an inflated leather spheroid and recklessly hurl themselves at eleven other youths, similarly accoutered and equally careless of life and limb. Massed thousands in enormous concrete stands cheer wildly.

That's football, greatest of all college sports. It looks helter-skelter and simple enough, but in reality it's a most scientific and carefully developed pastime, as well as a mighty big and intricate business.

It costs just about sixty thousand dollars to "ready" those eleven boys for the season; it costs as much or more for the other team; and when you get into six figures, as you naturally do by combining the totals, you're talking real money. And the forward passes, the fake kicks, and numerous other happenings down on the cleat-cut gridiron represent the time, thought, and personal attention of more specialists than a second hand flivver requires to be put in good running order.

The youngsters out there at the starting whistle are the wheat, separated from the chaff of an enormous early squad. More than a hundred muscular and ambitious seekers for fame, with knowledge as a side line, answer the call at Harvard in the fall. Some twenty coaches and twice as many assistants take them in hand. The working of a system that, for completeness and effectiveness, would make any efficiency expert gasp, eventually grinds out the ultimate squad that is the varsity team.

Meantime there is an open check book, and what the boys or coaches want, or think they want, or think they might want, they get.

We will take Harvard for purpose of illustration, because the business of the game is reduced there to the most minute detail, because the development system there, inaugurated by Percy Haughton and carried along now by "Bob" Fisher, is famous the land over.

A staff of a dozen clerks and stenographers keeps very busy practically twelve months in the year in the business office, under the direction of Graduate Manager Fred Moore. A set of books that would be sufficient for a federal bank, a card system a library might well envy, keep the innumerable details right on tap.

YOU can find out in a jiffy that the 1923 team, for instance, used two hundred and thirty-five pairs of elastic garters, one hundred and sixteen papers of pins, three huge spools of leather cord for shoe lacings, eighty-three gallons of liniment, forty pairs of white cotton gloves for handling slippery footballs on rainy days, one hundred pairs of stockings, and approximately ten miles of adhesive tape. These are just a few things: there are more than two hundred separate items on the list.

You can find, too, that football, in the recapitulation of assets, is credited with more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of equipment which will do for another campaign, or several of them.

For nothing goes to waste at Cambridge. A special bootmaker, employed by the season, takes care of the shoes. He makes over footgear that would be discarded anywhere else. He patches and mends soles and cleats that look absolutely useless. A seamstress does nothing but mend jerseys and uniforms.

The bill for repairs on football material for one year runs upward of four thousand dollars. But it is money well invested. A complete football uniform nowadays will cost at least thirty-five dollars. That includes everything. And Harvard, what with subs, freshmen, and second teams, dresses up several hundred young men in the regalia of battle each fall and does it all on about sixty new uniforms. That's efficiency.

Money is watched closely, but it isn't spared by any manner of means. Thousands of dollars were spent over a couple of years in an effort to get a thick pad that would protect and, at the same time, not interfere with muscular action before the proper article was evolved by the manufacturers. Special shoes, or special anythings, are bought for temperamental athletes without ever a question. Medical attention that a dying millionaire could not purchase is showered on each injured hero. Rubbers and masseurs name their own prices if they can do the work.

THE two big gridiron expenses, however, are coaching and travel. Head coaches draw real money in these fervid athletic times. Harvard has as many experts on the job as the next college, and a few more. But Harvard, through the luck of location, saves money in that line. Most of the Crimson instructors live near and work in Boston. They can stick to their jobs and homes and still squeeze in time for coaching afternoons.

Yale, Princeton, and other institutions not so favorably situated must sign up the athletic mentors for a solid season and pay accordingly.

The following list shows what an average Harvard team will cost in an average football

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Children Cry for

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Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

season from the first day of practice down to the grand finale, the game with Yale:

150 footballs at $7	$ 1,050
60 new uniforms at $35	2,100
Repairs (including bootmaker and seamstress)	4,000
Training table (cost above college weekly board, which players pay)	2,500
Groundkeepers and help	6,000
Coaches	20,000
Doctors (specialists)	3,000
Rubbers and masseurs	2,000
Travel	10,000
Printing (menus, instructions, etc.—does not include tickets)	2,500
Incidental equipment (dummies, goal posts, spare parts of uniforms, etc.)	6,000
	$59,150

SO much for the business of it. What is the Harvard football system—that much discussed method that ground out winning teams with almost monotonous regularity?

For years there has been speculation and discussion. Listen to coaches and players, on the outside, and the idea was gleaned that it was something concrete and coherent, though intangible through the surrounding haze of mystery. As a matter of fact, the Harvard football system can be described in one word: preparedness.

Every possible bit of football information is crammed into every possible varsity man's head. Knowledge of every rule is made as much a part of an athlete's life as breathing. The drudgery of the classroom is as nothing to the grind of the skull practice that's part of the football curriculum.

It was known at Harvard, as it was everywhere else, that pretty good football players who knew the game thoroughly could generally defeat very good players who might be a bit hazy on the fine points. So Harvard proceeded to see to it that the Crimson representatives on the field knew what they were about—proceeded with typical thoroughness.

Such fervent attention was paid to detail and study that in the long string of victories under the system experts and technicians can point out, almost invariably, how one or two little slips by the opposition accounted for Harvard victory in important contests.

Harvard started all this intensive football away back in 1908 when Percy Haughton took charge. His first team was a winner, and so were most of his others. Bob Fisher succeeded him and followed the same general system. His team was beaten last fall, so Harvard will undoubtedly have something new this season. Once a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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We do the most perfect and highest class job of rebuilding known to the typewriter industry. Our machines do perfect work and last for years and years. Just like new. The L. C. Smith is the easiest machine to operate and you can easily type your own letters. Complete lessons on typewriting, also our 5 Year Guarantee with every machine.

FREE Send today for Free Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information, Big Catalog and our Special Offer.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
209-360 East Grand Avenue Chicago
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SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.,
209-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your Free Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information, Catalog, Special Offer and Free Trial Application.

Name .....

Address .....

$16 a Day and an Essex Coach—FREE!

Your Car—FREE
It's waiting for you. It's yours absolutely free. Read details of my wonderful offer.

Do you want $16 a day? Do you want a steady income of $5,000.00 a year? Do you want, in addition to these big cash earnings, a beautiful, smooth-running Essex Coach? If you do, write immediately for the details of my wonderful new proposition that offers easy, pleasant employment for your spare time or full time, and that pays astonishingly large profits.

$100 a Week Is Easy

I want immediately one man or woman in each community to take orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women and children. No experience or capital required. I supply everything needed. You work on new and exclusive plan that makes possible tremendous cash profits for easy, pleasant work. Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery sells in every home. Styles, sizes, prices to fit every family. Wonderful assortment meets every need. You find orders waiting for you everywhere, and make big cash profits. Eighteen years of success back of my plan.

Write Now for Money-Making Offer

If you want to get out of the salary rut—make $5,000 a year in your own business—mail the coupon below. I will send you full details of my wonderful new plan and proof that you can make big money from the start. Don't hesitate—don't delay. Write today for complete plan and details of free auto offer.

Frank B. Jennings, Pres., Jennings Mfg. Co.
Hose Q-22, Dayton, Ohio.

Mail This Coupon

FRANK B. JENNINGS, Pres.,
Jennings Mfg. Co., Hose Q-22, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send, without obligation, complete details of your proposition, and of FREE Essex Coach offer.

Name .....

Address .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

thing is *passé* it's tossed into the discard.

Much of the picturesque was removed from Harvard teams thereby, but the continued downfalls of Yale and Princeton furnished plenty of consolation for the loss of thrills.

Harvard football became almost automatic. There is mighty little of the spectacular about it. Superbacks, like Mahan and Casey and Hardwick, did, of course, break away on long runs and startle great crowds. Kickers like Brickley and Buell won many a grudging yell of admiration from enemy stands. But, as a rule, it is drab and conservative—short, sure gains, just enough to make the distance; punts whenever possible; close-up goals from the field when a carefree and desperate assault might mean a touchdown. Were the touchdown prevented the other team might take heart and do things.

HARVARD football has been a matter of psychology mostly ever since the successful surge started—a colorless but grim and certain thing that discouraged the fiery spirit of many an eleven that had more than enough man power to wipe the field with the conquering host.

Harvard quarter backs, as everybody knows, never carry the ball much. They call signals, or, at the most, do a little drop kicking. They are preserved like so many Dresden china dolls. They catch punts, of course, but they rarely run them back. The fair catch, nothing pretty to watch, is much safer. It prohibits the soul-stirring dash down the field, the hard, open tackling by fleet ends; but it also prevents the chance of the signal caller getting a few stray ribs or limbs cracked.

Spectators have wondered why the Crimson back field men let perfectly simple kicks hit the ground and go rolling and bobbing back toward the goal. Countless yards have seemingly been lost that way, but it was all figured out beforehand. Better to have your quarter back steering things in the shadow of his own posts than to own the ball in the middle of the field and have nobody present who knows just what to do with it.

Stadium fans have groaned, too, when Harvard players fell on loose footballs and snuggled them quickly to earth. They had watched Princeton and Yale and Centre athletes scoop 'em up and surge ahead to glory. They saw openings for Cambridge thrills that way, too. But the thrills don't mean a thing to the coaches on the sidelines. It was safer to fall on the ball and *get* it than to run the risk of letting the other fellow snatch it away.

The ground that the brilliant dash might cover could be gained later on. And a lost ball is just a lost ball.

Harvard players are instructed to follow the safe, conservative methods at all times. A loose ball can be taken on the loop, as Princeton and Dartmouth athletes always try to do, provided the enemy is far away down the field somewhere. But if there's the slightest chance of losing the ball by risking a run Harvard players must smother that ball right where it happens to be.

All this is in accord with the protected quarter back idea, because, if you're a fan, you have noticed that the signal shouters have at least twice as many chances to recover fumbles as any other individual player.

"You have to be careful of those little fellows," one Crimson coach explains. "They're the only ones that seem willing to plug enough to get really smart at inside football. Probably they figure that they have to make a scientific study to compete at all with the big chaps, who have the brute strength and know they can get by on it. That's why good quarter backs are always small birds. They have to be clever."

Harvard, as a matter of fact, is careful about everything that has to do with football. There are never any "unknowns" or "masked marvels" popping up in the squad. The candidates are sifted as carefully as gold is washed from the miner's pan.

The boys are supervised carefully as freshmen. They get the beginnings of the Crimson method there. The candidates get more of it in the spring. They all come out then and are carefully looked over by the entire coaching body. When they report in the fall their capabilities and their possibilities are pretty well known.

The first real squad is made up of the boys recommended as likely by the position coaches. Usually this numbers about fifty athletes. They are gradually sifted down to a couple of dozen, with the individual class work, as you might call it, being combined more and more with instruction in the vitally important matter of team play. And so the eleven is manufactured, the deciding choices not being made until the eve of the Princeton game, as a general rule.

METICULOUS attention to detail is the secret of the Harvard system. Rules are hammered into the boys' heads until they can't think of anything else. Just as an example, there's always a big printed sign in front of the players' bench at the stadium, "*Don't forget to report to the referee.*" Substitutes, rushing in, often forget this little thing, and their team is penalized, but not Harvard teams.

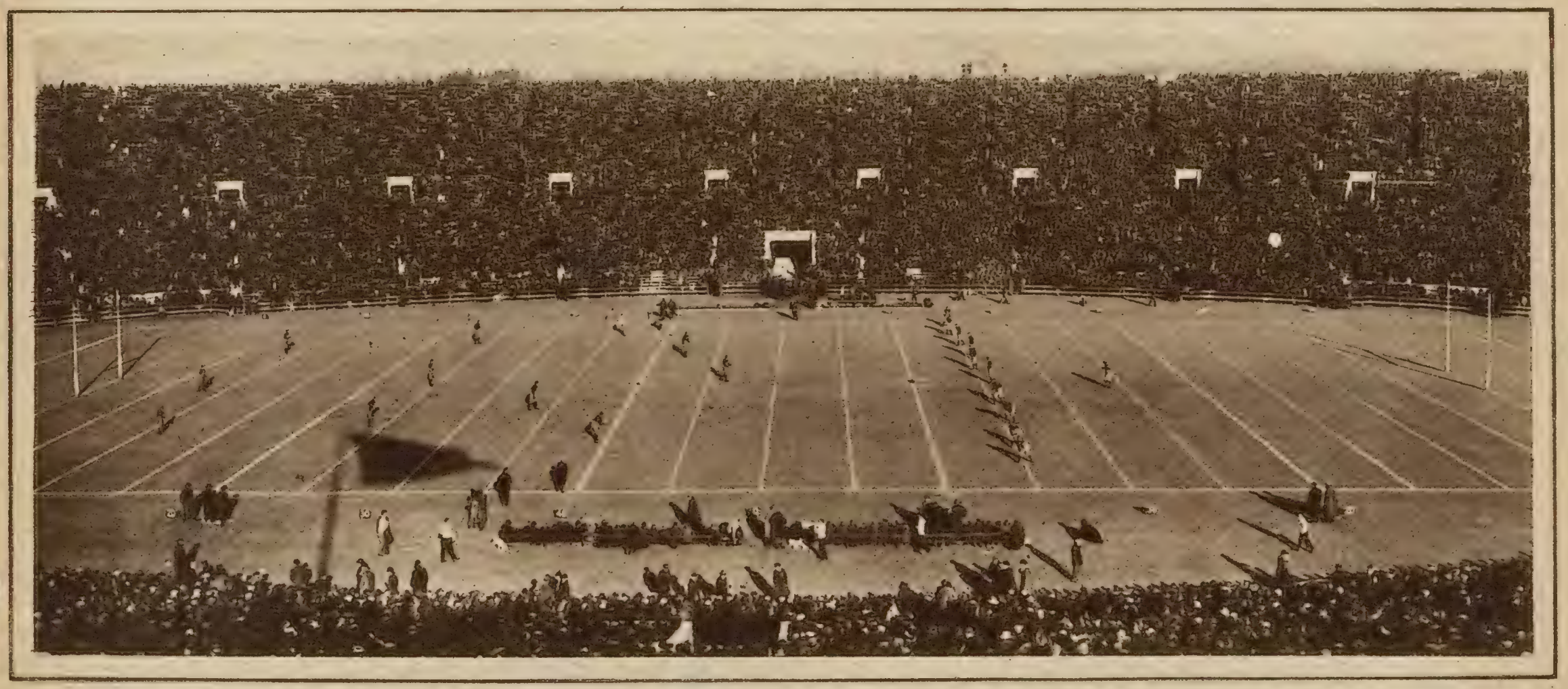
Quarter backs, given certain plays for certain situations, naturally forget in the exciting thick of the fray. So the Harvard quarters, playing away back when the enemy has the ball, have little printed lists in their pockets. These lists explain exactly what plays should be called and what strategy used when the ball is finally taken from the foe. It was years before opposing teams discovered just what the Crimson generals kept going to their "gun pockets" for in crucial points of close conflicts.

It was a Haughton idea that the printed word was better than all the oral instruction in the universe. So he devised leaflets, one for each position, which his pupils had to memorize so thoroughly that they knew them backward and inside out—became more familiar with them than they were with their sweethearts' telephone numbers.

The same leaflets in their entirety comprised a fine technical explanation of football as it should be, but they were confidential matters, and kept strictly so. There was, of course, some psychology in this. They were given to the players before each day's practice and collected again at night. They were stamped, top and bottom, "Strictly confidential." Naturally, the minds on the squad realized they were important and were, accordingly, impressed.

It takes four years to make a good football player, according to the Harvard coaches, and as soon as he's ready he walks out into the world. But they manage to do pretty well with the material in the process of molding, as a glance back over the records will show.

THE END



Greatest crowd that ever witnessed a football game sees Yale batter Harvard in annual game, 1916. More than 78,000 filled every seat of the huge Yale Bowl.

500 DOGS *Have their Day!*

WELL, folks, it certainly looks as if our Composite Dogs were a success. Of course, a few insisted on contracting distemper while traveling, and a couple got the mange. But in all cases where a dog failed to recover from the vicissitudes of his journey, we endeavored to replace him. This, naturally, involved a great deal of trouble. But we feel that our trouble has been well repaid.

Here are a few letters, typical of scores we have received, from some of the winners in our recent contest. Reading these letters gave us a great deal of pleasure, and we are printing them because we think you will find it a pleasure to read them, too.

Here is one from a little girl who said:

"Dear Sir: Thank you very much for the dog you sent me. He is the cutest little puppy I ever saw. When he first came he looked so lonesome. He loves us now and takes the bed clothes off of me."—Dorothy Dodd, 38 Fularton Ave., Whitman, Mass.

Here's one from the mother of an invalid:

"Dear Sir: I wish to inclose a letter of thanks, together with that of my son, Frederic, Jr., for an Airedale terrier puppy. It was especially welcome, as it came just at the boy's return home from nearly nine months' confinement at the Orthopedic Hospital. Last May he underwent an operation, and working on the Composite Dog contest helped to shorten the weary, painful weeks of his convalescence in a plaster cast."—Margaret de Javannes, 69 Perry St., New York.

Here's another winner:

"Dear Sir: I wish to thank Liberty Magazine for my beautiful English toy spaniel. While I put forth every effort to submit a correct book and an artistic one, I realized that 500 prizes would not go very far, considering that people all over the country were eager for a pet."—Grace Sheller, 1925 South 17th St., Omaha, Neb.

Mr. C. C. Ward, the author of the following letter, neglected to give his age, but the handwriting shows that he is quite small:

"Dear Sir: If I am a bit late in acknowledging the receipt of my dog it was because I have been giving him all my spare time. I take this opportunity to thank you most heartily. I have called the dog Pal, because I feel sure he will make a real pal, and that is what I need, because I have no brothers and am not as strong or active as the ordinary boy."—C. C. Ward, 2433 Milan Street, New Orleans, La.

A lot of you have read Trub's Diary, of course. Well, what do you think of the following which arrived with the address, Trub Number 2, 623 East Adams St., Springfield, Ill.:

"Dear Liberty Folks: Well, here I am. I thought you'd like to know about my new home and my mistress.

"Say, I like her. When the expressman brought me in she was so happy. She laughed and cried. I thought they'd never take me out of the box.

"My new mistress said, 'Oh, I never dreamed I'd win him. I'm so happy. Isn't he adorable? You little darling! You precious!' She kissed me. She nearly kissed the expressman. I gave her a paw poke and some chin nibbles.

"But there's one fly in the ointment. Bob has a cat. Rather it's a kitten, but older than I am. This kitten gives me a pain. It's really nothing more than an alley cat.

"She made up a game. It is Tag the Bull Terrier. Everywhere my mistress goes, I tag at her heels. Everywhere I go that kitten tags at my heels. When she can't tap my face with her paws, she plays with my tail.

"Yesterday my mistress had to leave me for a while. I howled as loud as I could. The kitten joined me. It made a big meow noise. We howled and meowed. It was fun singing a duet. We sang louder.

"Somebody said, 'It's the new Liberty dog.'

"I didn't call that being a Liberty dog.

"TRUB II.

"P. S.—Guess John Taintor Foote won't care, will he?"—Thelma MacDaniel.

Here's one from a cop:

"Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the finest German police puppy in the city. The little fellow arrived in good condition and stood the trip well. In the name of the boys at this station, I wish to extend to you and the Liberty Magazine our most sincere thanks for the wonderful pup."—Wm. H. Marnon, Lieutenant of Police, Buffalo, N. Y.

We were somewhat surprised to learn that we had gladdened the life of a poet who sent in the following lines of poesy entitled "On Receipt of a Dog":

"We received our wee Dobermann Pinscher,
He sure is a ringside cincher,
His eyes are so bright,
And his markings just right,
While his mind's like a pryering clincher.

"Many thanks for our Dobermann Pinscher,
His name shall be Liberty—now, sir,
Our son's eyes are bright,
His face shines with delight,
'Cause we won a wee Dobermann Pinscher."

—Mrs. J. W. Lumb, 913 Vettier St., Manhattan, Kas.

The following came from an invalid:

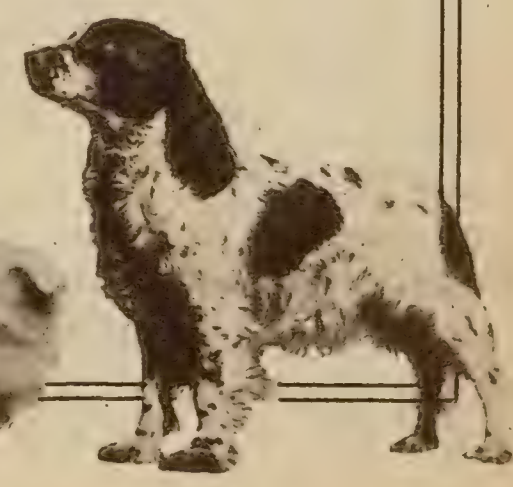
"Dear Sir: The police puppy arrived the day before yesterday. I cannot tell you how happy we are to have him. Putting the dogs together was recreation for me, and to be presented with such a splendid prize for what gave me hours of pleasure is like putting an extra special coat of frosting on an already rich creamy cake."—R. W. Bettoli, 9 West End Ave., San Rafael, Calif.

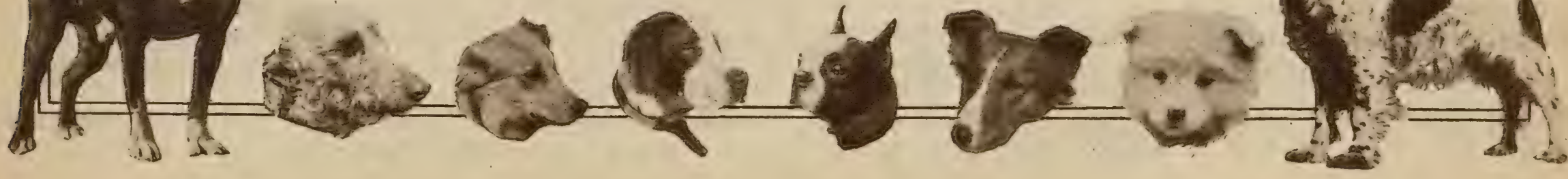
No distemper was contracted by this puppy:

"Dear Sir: I want to thank Liberty for the darling Cairn puppy which arrived yesterday. I never saw so much pep and sauciness in so small a package before."—H. H. Randall, 786 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

From a lucky grandfather:

"Dear Sir: The Irish terrier puppy which was awarded me in the recent contest arrived in splendid condition. He shall have the best and tenderest treatment, and I am giving him to my little granddaughter on her sixth birthday. Thanks to Liberty Magazine."—A. H. Strickland, Union Springs, Ala.





All-l-l A-Board! Toot! Toot! Let's GO!

The Track's Clear, Folks, and We're Running Fast! Look Out for the Liberty Limericks Express!

HERE'S ANOTHER NEW CONTEST!

Easy! Fascinating! Open to Everyone!

As We Announced in Our Last Issue, Liberty Is Paying

$500 A Week for Limericks

In Five Big Cash Prizes

For the five best lines which are written to complete the Limerick printed on this page.

FIRST PRIZE, $250
SECOND PRIZE, $100
THIRD PRIZE, $75
FOURTH PRIZE, $50
FIFTH PRIZE, $25

HERE'S THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK

A hobo sat perched on the rail,
The farmer went by with a pail;
A scuffle ensued
For the hobo was rude,
. . . . . .

Just get out the old pencil, write your last line, and send it in. There's no work to do. Everyone has a chance.

All last lines for THIS Limerick must reach us before midnight of October 25.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Here Are This Week's Winners

who wrote last lines for the Limerick printed in our issue of September 20. The Limerick read as follows:

An airman way up in the sky
Looked down and said, "Gee, I'm up high;
If someone down there
Would like some fresh air,
. . . . . .

We only offered to pay $5 for the best line. But thousands of lines flocked in. So we decided to raise the ante.

The Prize Winning Last Lines Read as Follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"I'll ex-plane so that he, too, may try."

Written by Miss Evelyn Gallagher, 24 W. Fifty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"I will bring him up here bye and bye."

Written by Nan Porteous, 95 Sydney Street, St. John, N. B.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"He must fly like a fly, same as I."

Written by Frank G. Mellen, 92 Beacon Street, Hartford, Conn.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Let him slip me a ten, and we'll fly."

Written by W. R. McKirnan, 420 S. Grove Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"I could bottle him up a supply."

Written by Charlotte Noble, 620 Paxinosa Avenue, Easton, Pa.

$500 More Next Week! Toot! Toot! Look Out! Let's Go!

FIGHTING *to* RETAIN GRIDIRON

By Walter H. Eckersall
Noted Football Writer and Former All-American Quarter Back

THREE linemen and one back lead the formidable aggregations which represent Yale and Cornell, two undefeated football elevens of the East last year, and Illinois and Michigan, which tied for the Western Conference title, in this year's struggle for gridiron honors in the two sections.

On the left is Frank L. Henderson, right end and captain of Cornell. As usual since Coach Gilmour Dobie has taken charge at Ithaca, the "Big Red" team has a powerful running and forward pass attack and effective defense. Henderson is an honor student of engineering, is twenty-one years old, six feet high, and weighs 177 pounds.

Yale's team is led by its pivot man, Winslow M. Lovejoy, shown below. Lovejoy last year was considered one of the best centers in

SUPREMACY *in* EAST *and* WEST

the country. Lovejoy is an aggressive player, accurate with his passes, and has the qualifications of a captain. He is twenty-two years old, weighs 180 pounds and is five feet ten inches high. T. A. D. Jones, who learned his football at old Eli, is coaching the Bull Dog forces.

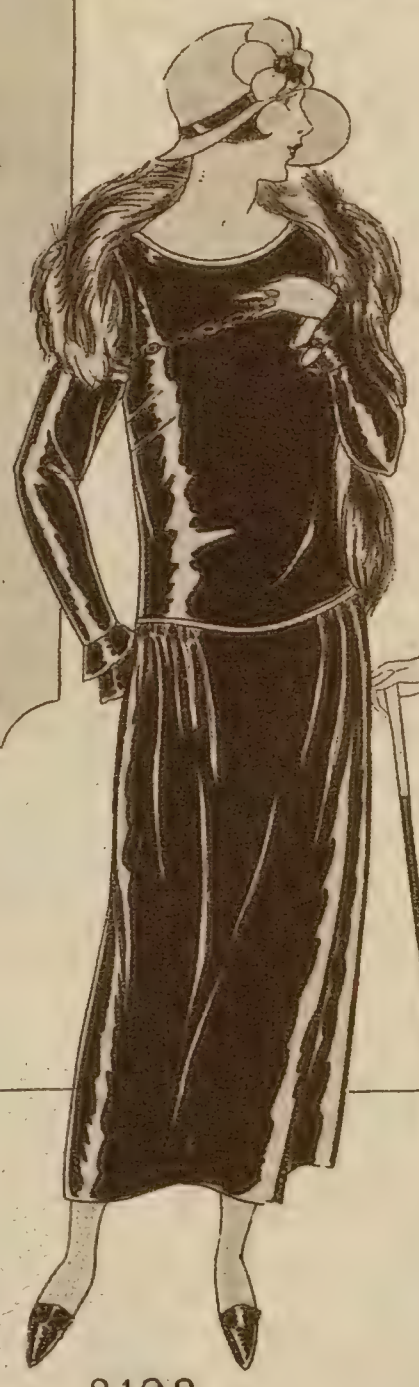
This year's Blue and Gold warriors of Illinois, coached by the dynamic Robert Zuppke, follow the leadership of Frank E. Rokusek (shown below), an end. Frank was not a brilliant player a year ago, but he is in the game at all times, doing something not noticed by the average fan. He is twenty-two years old, five feet ten inches high, and weighs 170 pounds.

Fielding H. Yost, in his twenty-third year as mentor of Michigan's football hosts, sends his team into action headed by Herbert Steger. Steger (shown at right) plays a brilliant game at half back, and is expected to be a powerful gainer throughout his closing year. He is an exact match for Rokusek in age, height, and weight.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood).

For the Nimble Needle *of the* Woman Who Sews

1657 Emb. 709



2198

2194

2207

1657

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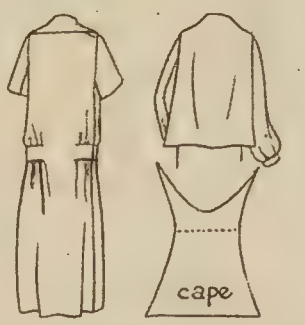
2194



2199

2207

By PATRICIA

THE woman who sews is doubly blest, for she can dress smartly and becomingly at a minimum cost. Many are wont to believe that being able to sew is a gift with which we are endowed at birth. This is not so, for the art of successful home dressmaking can be acquired, more readily now than ever before, since simply constructed, perfect-fitting patterns are obtainable at the lowest possible price through our pattern department.

Have you ever experienced disquieting fears when it came to putting your shears into your precious material? Such thoughts can be quickly dispelled, for after giving our patterns one trial you will have gained the confidence in yourself that is so essential in making the kind of clothes you'll be proud to wear.

The kind of undergarments you wear is most important to correct dressing. No. 1657 is a very popular lingerie set. It includes a pair of step-ins and a slip-over which may be used as a vest or a chemise. Make this attractive undergarment of fine batiste, nainsook, radium silk, crêpe de Chine, or wash satin.

A pattern for No. 1657 can be had in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 2⅞ yards of material 30, 32 or 36 inches wide are required. The dainty embroidery sprays are included in our hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 709, which comes in blue only and costs fifteen cents extra.

Nothing could be smarter for afternoon wear than a black satin dress with long, tight-fitting sleeves which end in little flares over the hands. Design No. 2198 is made with a basque waist and a slightly full skirt. Of course, taffeta, the silk crêpes, ribbed silks and fine woolen materials are also suitable. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material are required.

The surplice closing dress of long lines, uninterrupted by a belt, is one of the smartest designs for fall and winter street wear, as shown in design No. 2194. This one is made of French rep and trimmed with silk braid. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material are required.

The jaunty, youthful cape dress! Who can resist the temptation of having at least one? If you're slim, make style No. 2199 in one of those new plaid woolens. The stouter woman should choose a plain material. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material are required.

Every woman wants a company apron. Here it is in No. 2207. A pretty flowered lawn or cretonne would be nice. The new ginghams are also attractive. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern Number	Size	Price
.....		
.....		
.....		
.....		

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Narrow bands of brown broadcloth outlining each seam is the newest suggestion for changing the spots on the leopard sports coat. This charming little model is cuffed and collared in fitch. Next, a Hudson seal coat trimmed with kolinsky-dyed squirrel provides in its tiered outline a suggestion for remodeling an old coat. A flared flounce to correspond with flounces on the sleeves is the salient point of this beautiful moleskin wrap, which is next. Last, a wrap which will serve for either afternoon or evening wear is found in this snowy caracul with flaring band of black caracul.

ALL the ANIMALS are ADMITTED to FASHION'S ARK

by Corinne Lowe

IN our mother's days furs were as settled as an English rain. During the eighties folks seemed to invest in one of two things. Either it was the sealskin coat, infallible sign of gentility, or else it was the garment of mink bordered with tails. When you bought one of such creations you had disposed forever of the problem of furs.

How different are things nowadays! Instead of housing those two standardized pelts, the Ark of Fashion has sent out cards of admission to all the animals in the world. Instead of limiting ourselves to one type, we now demand sports garments, general utility wraps, formal daytime coats, and sumptuous evening creations. And no sooner do we cry, "At last I've got my fur coat," than we sigh, "I'll have to have this old thing made over."

Yet, there is solace in the situation. We can usually have them remodeled, radical as are the changes in these modes this autumn.

To begin with, furs reflect many of the dress styles. Tiers, tunics, flounces, and panels —all are featured in present collections. Most emphatic of such debts to the world of fabric is the flared hem-line.

It goes without saying that garments introducing this flare produced by a cut of the pelt are impossible to achieve from last year's fur coat. Nevertheless, there are other ways of going about attaining the precious fullness. For example, one may add to an old model a flaring flounce of new fur, either matching or contrasting. Or else one may insert in the old straight-line garment godets of contrasting fur.

Another way of resuscitating the old model is indicated in the second illustration. Tiers are widely used today on fur garments and if you add to original coat two tiers of matching fur you need not feel nervous about the result.

Most of us cannot speak of "my fur coats." We have to restrain ourselves to the singular. This being the case our goal is two-fold. We search to find the type which will serve the longest period and the greatest variety of occasions.

Undoubtedly the two pelts which best fulfill these difficult conditions are Hudson seal and natural muskrat. The latter is, of course, much less costly than the former and from it cannot be expected any such effect of elaboration. Nevertheless, those who wish a maximum of service at a minimum of cost cannot afford to overlook this pelt.

The cocoa tints and brown shades displayed so inordinately at the beginning of the season are not discarded. They are still good. Yet it is undisputed that the taupe and silver range are now in the foreground of fashion.

Undoubtedly leopard has the highest score in the sports field. Your leopard coat may be a jacquette, it may be three-quarter or full length. In all cases it will be smart and, in all, durable. At the left I show a short coat of this fur trimmed with fitch. And in that brand new device of applying brown broadcloth to the seams of sleeves and coat you may get yet another hint concerning resources for revamping an old model.

Liberty's Empire of Production

II. The Paper Mills.

TWO huge paper mills are owned by the publishers of Liberty. The one at the right is at Thorold, Ontario. The one below at Tonawanda, New York, was built expressly to make paper for Liberty. They are among the largest paper mills in the United States and Canada.

Below the picture of the Tonawanda mill is a glimpse of the 3,000 square miles of timber lands owned by the publishers of Liberty—enough to in ure Liberty's paper supply for centuries!

—assured Liberty success

LIBERTY has enjoyed amazing popularity, but it took more than stirring fiction and thought-compelling articles and artistic illustrations to make it a success.

Liberty has tremendous material resources: Timber lands, paper mills, ink factories, high speed printing presses, a vast printing plant, world-covering editorial contact and a nation-wide circulation organization.

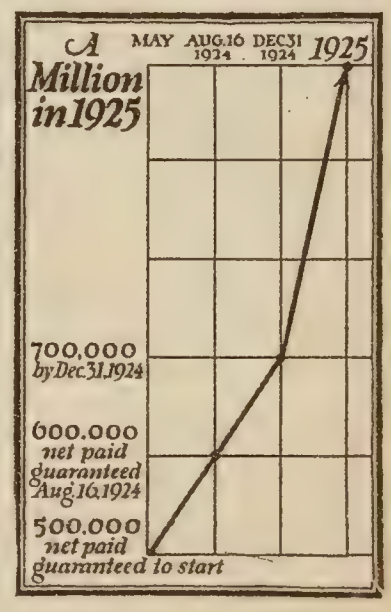
No other publisher is in a better position to contribute more definitely to the present day needs of both the reader and the advertiser.

A Million in 1925!

5¢ **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

Liberty started with 500,000 net paid circulation, and lived up to it; 600,000 was guaranteed August 16, and excess delivered; 700,000 is guaranteed by December 31, 1924, and 1,000,000 will be reached in 1925!



MAN PROPOSES

Fourth of a Series of Short Stories, Each One Complete in Itself, in Which Young Anthony, Inspired by His Familiar, Mad Anthony Wayne, Takes Measures to Protect the Name of a Lady Fair

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Pictures by W. B. KING

Just as soon as it was decided, Mad Anthony appeared to approve and indorse. It was the thing to do.

AT chapel the most Gothic Dr. Abor, a Lutheran rock of God, president of the college, made a special announcement and request.

One of the employés, a janitor, in fact, had been found by the night watchman, unconscious and bound by the hands, before the opened door of the safe containing the Angus Holt gift of jewels and gold and silver ornaments of the Medicean period.

The janitor's explanations on regaining consciousness had been, to say the least, unsatisfactory.

He could say merely that inasmuch as there had been that night a party of the Socrates Literary and Debating Society he had thought to put the rooms in order after the party, of which idea Dr. Abor could only say that if it were commendable it was most unusual. The janitor said he had found a light in the jewel room and the door of the safe open when, in a mysterious fashion, he was attacked from behind, beaten into unconsciousness by the butt ends of three revolvers, and knew no more.

The night watchman knew only that he found the janitor in a lighted room, his hands bound in window drapery and the safe door open. Nothing within the safe had been touched. The Gothic Dr. Abor said that it had been thought reasonable and just to ask the janitor to find other employment but that this public request was made of the college: if anyone had any information which would lead to clearing up what was at its best a mystery such information would be given in the interest of full justice and the welfare of the college, which properly regarded the Holt collection as invaluable.

Anthony thought that every eye in the chapel must be transfixing him. The Rev. Dr. Abor, he thought, must be speaking directly to him, knowing that he had fallen asleep in the library, that Agnes had crawled in the coal hole and had found and awakened him, and that the two of them had floored the burglarious janitor.

To Anthony, Dr. Abor was a man who knew all and who was making an appeal to conscience for a voluntary confession. That was why everybody in the chapel was looking at him, as he knew was the case. Everybody must know that Dr. Abor was making this appeal directly to him, but he neither then nor afterward said a word.

Dr. Abor, having made the extraordinary announcement, proceeded with the regular order, read a Psalm, and dismissed the youthful congregation with prayer.

AFTER chapel Anthony stood the ordeal of jibes he knew would get him for absconding from the party and leaving Anna Stirling flat. He was silent. He would not explain. He wouldn't say where he had gone or what he had done. It was assumed that he had gone home.

Anthony had intended to apologize to Anna, but when he saw her she turned away. He was sorry, but he wouldn't have known what to say even if she had been good natured. He had left her cold, but it wasn't explainable. He had too much to worry about to be particularly downcast over his minor social aberrations.

If it had not been for these major moral issues Anthony would have had a day of misery, tormented by his fellows for the escapade of which they knew. He had a day of misery, but it was not because of the hazing he got.

In the afternoon Anthony cut a class and walked out to his stockade to take counsel with himself, if he could. He had overheard someone saying that tracks had been found in the snow by a basement window and that they were the footprints of youngsters, one evidently a young girl. They were distinct near the college building, but had been lost in the street, where many people had walked in the snow.

Anthony had shivered at that. Agnes was not safe at all. An inadvertence, a chance disclosure, might betray her.

He got no spiritual comfort in his fort. It could not charm away this dilemma. He was conniving at a miscarriage of justice. The latter required that the story be told, but no matter how carefully he tried not to involve Agnes he was certain to do so if he tried to tell half the truth and stumbled over his conscience in doing so.

He wished Mad Anthony had something to say about it. Mad Anthony was generally prompt enough when something disagreeable was to be faced, but now he did not even appear. He did not have a suggestion. Evidently he was stumped. Even he did not know what to do.

Nor did Anthony, but he knew it was tragic to be young. His situation was puerile, all of it: the party, his escort of Anna, his falling

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asleep in the library, all of it, his whole life, all his prospects for many years.

In a man's world these predicaments were avoided. A man was not teased. He was established. He was mature in the conventions of matrimony and family. Then he was free for his life's work. Anthony decided to establish himself. As an engaged man he would have dignity and peace. It was even more of the *toga virilis* than having a watch or a razor.

There was no question in Anthony's mind as to the girl. It must be Agnes Holt. The honorable thing, the time honored thing, was formally to ask her father for her hand and for permission to press his suit.

If Dr. Holt accepted him as a son-in-law and if Agnes accepted him as a fiancé they, he and she, could turn the hard face of virtue to any discovery that they jointly had floored the burglar in the college library. It was not the time and place for a young lady, nor was it appropriate ever for her to confess that she had crawled in through a coal hole, but if it had to be confessed through inadvertence or malevolence critics would be dumbfounded and silenced by the calm front of a betrothed pair.

THE decision came suddenly as an inspiration, a snap of perception and logic. It comforted him. It was plainly the thing to do. Just as soon as it was decided, Mad Anthony appeared to approve and indorse. It was the thing to do.

At home, after the early supper of the Wayne household, Anthony said he was going for a walk, for which he obtained parental sanction after the accustomed start of raised eyebrows and with the accustomed stipulations and reservations.

Anthony started out to ask a gentleman for the honor of his daughter's hand. He thanked an all kind Providence that Mad Anthony walked beside him.

"Damme," said Mad Anthony, "it was the act of a man of spirit and gallantry. When in doubt, if ever in doubt, charge. Always audacity. Let the other fellow recoil into his own bastions. Let him take the steel when he has fallen on his back. Determination, audacity, determination. No decision could be right in itself, but any decision could be made right by proper determination. The world was ruled by firm and audacious action. All barriers went down before it. Always charge," said Mad Anthony.

"Yes, sir," said Anthony, and rang the Holt doorbell. The mist of Mad Anthony left him on the doorstep, but he knew he had that hero's benediction as the mist floated away.

A smiling girl opened the door and Anthony thought she must be that fabled thing, a maid-servant, because she wore a small white apron, very becoming to her on her black dress.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Holt," said Anthony.

"Dr. Holt is at dinner," replied the girl.

This was unbelievable. It was nearly eight o'clock. Dinner was at twelve o'clock. Supper was at six o'clock.

"Come in," said the girl, "and I'll tell Dr. Holt. Who shall I say?"

"Anthony Wayne," said Anthony.

"Just a minute, Mr. Wayne," said the girl.

It was the first time he had been called "Mr." by a woman.

"Dr. Holt wants to know if you won't come into the dining room," the girl said, coming back.

Anthony followed her. He was ushered into a large room with bays and a fireplace. The scene was the most amazing that ever had come to his eyes. There was a blaze of candles. There were white narcissi and hyacinths in bloom. There were canaries in cages. There were palms in pots, curtains and rugs of an extraordinary richness.

THERE was a table of astonishing richness of linen and silver. About it were Agnes and Stella and their mother, all handsome and bright eyed, and at the head of the table sat Dr. Holt. He had brilliant eyes, a high forehead and white hair. He wore a flowered silken lounging robe. He sat in a rocking chair. On each arm of the chair was a great silver gray Persian cat. The head of a Great Dane arose above the table at his side and the Persian cat nearest it was making playful digs at the dog's head.

Dr. Holt had a bottle and a glass on the table by him. The glass was full of a rich red liquid.

Anthony's knowledge of life had been the Puritan's. Here was something he did not know could exist, and it seemed desirable, rich and intelligent and colorful.

"Well, Anthony," said Dr. Holt with a smile which was complete hospitality, "you have come to see me?"

The girls looked at him with bright eyes and the mother with a smile.

"Yes, sir," answered Anthony.

"Well, Anthony," said Dr. Holt, "will you sit down and have a piece of cake. Dear, some cake and strawberries for Anthony."

"Dear" was Mrs. Holt. But strawberries in January!

"From our greenhouse, Anthony," said Mrs. Holt. "They are very nice."

Anthony's throat was dry and his courage going.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Dr. Holt's bright eyes suddenly became brighter than ever. Mrs. Holt's smile became more tender. The girls leaned forward on the table. Anthony was a convention of dignity. Dr. Holt seemed to compose himself.

"Which one, Anthony?" he asked.

"Why, Agnes," said Anthony, "of course."

"O, Anthony!" said Stella. "How could you?"

"O, goody!" cried Agnes, and Anthony did not see Stella's laughing eyes.

"Sit down, Anthony," said Dr. Holt, "and eat your cake. The ladies are about to leave us. Then we'll consider this matrimonial alliance of the families."

"Let's leave them now," said Agnes to her mother.

Stella arose and in going out stopped at the chair which had been given Anthony.

"Agnes told me all about the burglar," she said. "I'm glad Agnes has so nice a beau."

Stella gave him a little pat on the head and Anthony felt very young.

Agnes tugged her laughing mother away.

"WILL you smoke, Anthony?" Dr. Holt asked, when he and Anthony were alone. The cats still sat on his chair arms. The great dog had followed Mrs. Holt and her daughters.

"O, no, sir," said Anthony.

"Later," said Dr. Holt. "You see, Anthony, that's what youth must say to things. Later. How, when you and Agnes are married, do you expect to support her? Pardon me for asking. It's a father's natural curiosity."

Anthony had not considered occupation. He thought suddenly and decided quickly.

"I've had in mind to be an explorer and anthropologist," he said.

Dr. Holt laughed as he said, "You win my esteem, Anthony, but you'll never be able to pay the rent. But you know you're many years away from marriage."

"O, yes, sir," assented Anthony. "I only wanted to be engaged."

"You asked my permission," said Dr. Holt, "to ask Agnes for her hand. You have it, my son, at the proper time. I can only give you my own experience. In the life of devotion to a devoted woman, Anthony, men find all their justification. Don't be silly now, but if you and Agnes like each other when you are ready to begin life as adults I'll agree to your anthropology and exploration."

"Thank you, sir," replied Anthony. "I don't change my mind. I'll marry Agnes if she'll have me, and I'll be an explorer and anthropologist, unless I'm needed as a soldier."

Dr. Holt smiled, and it seemed satisfactory to him.

"Shall we join the ladies, Anthony?" he asked.

"I think I'd better not," said Anthony. "I think I've got to be going home. I wanted to ask about Agnes. It seemed the right thing to do."

"I am sorry you must go," said Dr. Holt. "My girls tell me you play an astonishing game of football."

"O, no, sir," Anthony said. "I just do the best I can. Maybe I could do better if I wasn't afraid all the time."

"But you play hard, I'm told," said Dr. Holt, his eyes very bright.

"Yes, sir," Anthony answered, "as hard as I can because I'm ashamed to be afraid."

"Anthony," said Dr. Holt, "if you'll honor me by coming to me, I'd like to shake hands with you. My legs, you know."

Anthony shook hands.

"I'll remain and finish my cigar," said Dr. Holt; "and good luck to you, Anthony, in everything."

IN the hallway Agnes sprang out to Anthony's side.

"O, good!" she cried. "We're engaged. *Monsieur, je vous offre toute ma fidélité et toute ma dévotion.*"

She bowed, and Anthony saw a grand dame.

"Well, I don't know," he said, "but, anyway, it's as settled as we can settle it, and it's nice to have it understood."

Anthony walked home in serenity. Girls, now, would never agonize his life. He was out of any such turmoils. His future was unvexed. The perplexities of adolescence were calmed in a mature decision. Agnes was protected against maladvertence. Anthony congratulated himself.

Mad Anthony joined Anthony at his gate and held him a moment.

"My compliments and congratulations," said the gallant old soldier. His coach was behind him and Corporal Trim was at its door. The general took out his snuff box and politely offered it to Anthony.

"O, no, sir, thank you!" said Anthony.

"Later," said Mad Anthony. There was a whirl of his ruffed laces as he dabbed his war-worn nose with the snuff. "Later, Anthony. That is what youth says to so many things."

The old general leaned on the picket fence. Corporal Trim was politely anxious at the coach door.

"If your honor please," said Corporal Trim, "and if I may mention it, we'll have the devil's own time, even now, getting to the chop house before General Washington arrives. If you'll excuse me, your honor."

"Yes, Trim. Thank you, Trim," said Mad Anthony. "You are quite right, Trim."

But he leaned over the picket fence and leisurely drew a linen, lace-edged kerchief from

There was a table of astonishing richness of linen and silver. About it were Agnes and Stella and their mother . . . and at the head of the table sat Dr. Holt.

the bosom of his great coat. He dabbed his warworn nose with it.

"With my compliments and congratulations," he said. "I shall also say farewell—for a time."

"O, sir," said Anthony, "I am sorry."

"For a time," said Mad Anthony. "Only for a time. If you need my friendship I shall be back. I think of going abroad, for a time. There has arisen a young lieutenant of artillery in France who charged a bridge at Lodi. I like that young man. I think I will go to France and Italy. Remember, Anthony, always audacity."

Mad Anthony straightened up. His face became young, eternally young. His nostrils which had sniffed snuff now dilated to sniff danger.

"Remember, Anthony," he repeated, "always audacity! If you see a thing of which you are afraid, walk up and slap it in the face. It may be a lion and eat you. That is fate. But better be eaten by a lion than scared by a mouse."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

"O, sir, your honor," said Corporal Trim, now plainly fidgeting at the coach. "O, the lateness of the hour!"

"Quite right, Trim. You are quite right. Punctuality is more than the courtesy of a king. It is the honor of a soldier."

Mad Anthony bowed to Anthony. He stepped to and into his coach. Corporal Trim swung up to the box. The whip cracked and the horses leaped forward, into the clouds.

THE END.

A Quarrel in a Paris Cafe--- and Buck Haskins Fights a Duel in the Gray Dawn of the Morning After

In This Third Installment of the Brilliant New Serial

By
HORATIO WINSLOW

Pictures by
B. H. CLARK

KING *of the*

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED

BUCK HASKINS, "the biggest man in college," is an Admirable Crichton —an all-around genius, jack-of-all-trades, master of none. After trying many other fields, he makes a spectacular failure as a writer of musical comedy.

VERA THORPE is a beautiful girl who expected to share Buck's "brilliant" future. Unblinded to his own shortcomings, Buck realizes that Vera loves him for what she "thinks" he is. The musical comedy failure fails to impress her, but Haskins refuses to go on with play writing and to marry her. Chagrined, she denounces him. He boards a trans-Atlantic ship, not "certain whether he would let it carry him as far as Liverpool!"

CHAPTER V

Said Lord Elgin: *"Your life preserver is stuffed full of boxing gloves, banjo strings, Elizabethan lyrics, Whistler etchings, ten-pound dumb-bells, and about thirty-five per cent of honest work. It may sound heavy, but buckle yourself to it and you'll float through. . . ."*

HE LAUGHED softly. "So you see you're an Admirable Crichton. You've gone through the world looking for a vocation. You've started each job full horse power, convinced that at last you were all set. And after six months you've quit each job so disgusted that you never wanted to think of it again. Now, then, this is a joke—life's little joke on you: you have no vocation. You're going to spend your years doing a lot of things, but none of them very much."

This wise man was an expatriated American. His original name and profession I never knew. But in Paris he was known to a select circle of artists and critics, anarchists and royalties, beggars and millionaires, as Lord Elgin.

He made his living by dealing in art, especially in its antique forms. His fondness for the old Greek chiselings was enough to have given him the nickname. But it was a double barreled affair aimed likewise at his morbid interest in those marbles which spin around roulette wheels. Twice a year he made a pious pilgrimage to Monte Carlo, where he lost all he gained between times.

And it was at Monte Carlo he had found me ten minutes after I had finished trying to break the bank. (There are enterprises which pass even the genius of a Crichton.)

He lent me enough to get back to Paris, where I acted as salesman in his little art business. He didn't need a salesman. But the job saved my pride—which was at low ebb. And in his studio salesroom on the Rue de Seine I learned to speak French.

So obviously did I progress both in the idiom and in the knowledge of antique valuables that in February I was sent to certain chateaux in the Midi, where I found exactly the wood carvings the American buyer wanted. Despite my protests, Lord Elgin insisted that all the commission should go to me. So I paid what I owed and began for myself.

FIVE years of France and Paris! Vera had dropped utterly out of my life. Despite this (and it hurt as often as I realized it) the seasons that came and went brimmed with *la douceur de vivre*. It was five years of food, wine, leisure, conversation, music, art, and good times that one couldn't buy elsewhere with the wealth of the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers combined.

For me it was an existence mentally healthy and intensely interesting. My French became fluent, accurate, and, at times, impeccable. Aided and abetted by Lord Elgin, I discovered

By eleven o'clock the studio and the other rooms buzzed with a remarkable if not an extensive collection of humanity.

CAMPUS

the immense possibilities of making money out of people whose chief interest in life was spending their time and their income doing nothing. But, unlike Lord Elgin, I did not stick to art.

A remarkable man, Lord Elgin! I could write a book about him. Yet, though I knew him well, I never learned his true name nor what Crichtonish intrigue or tragedy had made him an exile. For, surprisingly enough, the man *was* a Crichton, and the good advice he lavished on me he had formulated for his own edification.

His accomplishments were as varied and useless as mine and ranged from the writing of Latin verses to jiu-jitsu; from the philosophy of the Middle Ages to the cutting of caricatures in soft wood. He was a Crichton; and though theoretically he labored at one long, endless job, practically he Crichtoned.

When the mood came upon him he would trust the shop to a youthful assistant and disappear for a week or ten days; sometimes it was Monte Carlo; sometimes it was an affair with a duchess or a *cocotte;* sometimes it was a plunge into the proletariat.

To my personal knowledge he acted as waiter in a "tough" little café near the fortifications; passed the hat and turned back-flips with a little group of open-air acrobats by the Gare d'Austerlitz; sold vegetables from a pushcart; drove a cab; and as a day laborer unloaded boats along the Seine.

And always he came back from these excursions into high or low life serene and rested; washed, shaved, and spotless. And with a trustful smile he would explain that he had been investigating a collection of old parchments at Nîmes or negotiating for a stained-glass window in Touraine.

THAT was how *he* solved the Crichton problem. Yet more than once these loiterings lost him big sums. Indeed, if it had not been for his unquestioned ability, personality, and good faith, the whole paying clientele would have gone over to his rivals.

In my case the rapid change of jobs, plus the consoling philosophy that in Crichtons ambition is a vice, kept me content except for a momentary despair as often as I thought of Vera.

There is no other word for it—despair. It was a passing despair, but each time it smote me with a force little or not at all diminishing.

After I had convinced myself that Lord Elgin's Don Juanish philosophy was the right one; that one woman was worth another; that Mimi was quite as satisfying and much more obviously present than a lady several thousand miles removed—Vera would come marching into the secret chamber of my thoughts. From my pocketbook I would draw a yellowed snapshot and, at the image of Vera, Paris would harden into an exile city with iron walls.

And then—ah, then it took much time and many sage counsels from Lord Elgin to pull me to normal.

So working and so playing and with the Vera overtone vibrating as it please, my five years in Paris drew to their ensanguined end.

It was an evening in October.

I'm sure the day had not differed greatly from other days. In the morning, I remember, I'd acted as agent-interpreter for two Americans who expected to be silk importers. In the afternoon, according to custom, I had met Lord Elgin at a *cercle d'escrime* and we fenced a bit. Afterward he'd gone to keep an engagement with the then lady of his heart, while I'd dined alone at a restaurant near the Madeleine.

Suddenly, in a passing cab, I glimpsed a woman lit by the traversing flash of a street light.

"Vera," I whispered. "Vera."

CHAPTER VI.

Said Lord Elgin: "Experience keeps a dear school—but nothing is too good for a Crichton."

VERA . . . Immediately all thought of the opera vanished and I had the insane notion of giving chase when better sense came to cool the fires. With a sick disappointment I remembered that Vera was not in Paris, but in New York. That word I had received indirectly the day before. And I knew also that were she in Paris it was improbable that she would be driving around the streets alone.

But the mere glimpse of this face resembling had been responsible for one of those upsets which Crichtons know only too well. It is like being tumbled over by a big breaker; one minute you stand firm; the next—solid earth vanishes and you are helpless in a whirling fluid world.

"Rue de Seine," I said to the nearest cabman. "And hurry."

Lord Elgin I found in a little room off his junk-burdened studio.

"Start something," I implored him. "Hilar-

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Coats and vests removed, white shirted, sleeves rolled up, looking like heroes of rival melodramas, we faced each other.

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ity—mirth. I'm a hundred years old tonight and if something doesn't happen I'm apt to jump into the Seine."

"Mirth, Laughter, Hilarity, are my middle names," said Lord Elgin.

Obligingly he laid down his Anatole France and we sallied out together in the pursuit of interesting people—or should I say amusing people? No, the adjective stands: interesting people.

By eleven o'clock the studio and the other rooms buzzed with a remarkable if not an extensive collection of humanity.

There was a French poetess who smoked a pipe; three assorted novelists of schools opposed; a young prima donna almost in the Opéra Comique; a Spanish artist who didn't cut his hair; a variety of models; a polyglot restaurant owner who had sold lobster salad all over the world; and others I forget.

At twelve o'clock the writer of these lines, much of his melancholy gone, was pounding the piano while the rest lockstepped around the studio and sang in jovial chorus.

The ancient air was simple; so were the words devised by the polyglot purveyor:

It ain't no crime to rob an American,
rob an American,
rob an American.
It ain't no crime to rob an American—
a millionaire-i-o.

CHORUS.
A millionaire-i-o,
A millionaire-i-o.

It ain't no crime, etc.

In the middle of the third verse, which was exactly like the second, which was exactly like the first, a hearty voice resounded from the doorway:

"Yes, Jack Dalton, curse you, it is a crime, because I have my fingers crossed."

THERE in the door of the studio stood one of Lord Elgin's prize clients. He was only a Pittsburgh millionaire, but he had a soul above steel. To show that his heart was in the right place he joined the lockstep and took part in the fourth stanza, which was exactly like the third.

Under the mellow and golden influence of that mellow and golden millionaire the little evening gathering became what the purist of these latter days would call a "regular party." While six times the hour hand circled the dial, dull commerce was forgot and the party went on. It ranged from Montmartre to the Pont Neuf; from Versailles to the Place de la République. Sometimes it was merry; sometimes it was sad; but it kept going.

By the evening of the third day I had investigated all the different emotional levels from consolation to painful memories, including reborn hope and black despair.

We sat in a little café on the Boulevard St. Michel, with an alleged gypsy orchestra on one side and a pair of chess playing Parisian newspaper men on the other. With the exception of Lord Elgin and myself the original crowd had been swallowed up along the way. Though a glutton for punishment, the millionaire from Pittsburgh had thrown up the sponge that morning. Back to the wall and at my left sat Lord Elgin. He was talking to a French officer who had just joined us. He seemed utterly unaffected by the hazards and hardships of the three days' expedition.

I, too, was unaffected, or at least so it seemed to me. My head was clear. I wanted to talk and I had no trouble finding words. Almost too many words. I wanted to begin by telling Lord Elgin all about Vera. He had an eye for beautiful women. Surely he would be interested in knowing that at one time I had been going to marry the most beautiful woman in the world. He must understand this fundamental fact; I would show him Vera's picture.

I pulled out my pocketbook, extracted a photograph, and without preliminaries began.

LORD ELGIN looked around, shook his head, put a finger to his lips, and then went on talking.

This aroused my deepest feelings. I became indignant. Was I going to be shut up like a squalling infant? Not if two and two make four. Nobody was going to stop me until I had said all I wanted to say.

"I can prove it," I announced in such loud and resonant tones that all the café looked around. "Most beautiful woman in the world, and I can prove it."

I laid the picture face down on the wettish

table and thumped it with my fist. "Most beautiful woman in the world."

"All right," said Lord Elgin. "Let's see her."

I held the print before his eyes.

He lifted his eyebrows and then commented with six little words.

Anger broke down what was left of my inhibitions. To avenge the insult I drew back my fist and with all the force in my body hooked it over against his cheek. His head smacked upon the leather padded wall, and for a moment he tumbled on his left side. When he pulled himself up he was very white, and I noticed that his hands were trembling. There was a cut across his cheek where I had slashed it with the seal of a ring. He exchanged a word with the French officer and motioned to the waiter.

Already my vinous fury had resolved, and, with a sick heart, I remembered that the customs of Latin Europe were not those of Anglo-Saxon America. I was stammering apologies, but Lord Elgin was on his way to the door.

Then while I sat there, drink heavy, stupid, staring at the table, for the first time I looked at the photograph I had shown Lord Elgin. . . . It was not Vera at all. It was the snap of a little Roman Venus dug up near Toulouse, which I was holding for a London collector; a weather worn, deformed, ugly bit of chiseling. In maneuvering to get Lord Elgin's attention I had washed it with wine.

"Nice girl," he had commented. "Too bad she drinks."

The French officer touched my shoulder. I was conscious that he was repeating a remark for the second time.

"If you will have the extreme goodness to give me the name of one of your friends," he insisted. "Someone to act for you. It will be better so."

CHAPTER VII.

Said Lord Elgin: *"Blessed is the man of one talent. Blessed is he to whom things come hard. He cannot turn from Ballistics to Marloviana or from Real Estate Values to the Generation of Pineapples. One thing he can do and no more. And he will brood over his single talent. Plot for it, scramble in the dust for it, till at last it will overspread all the riches of the earth. But why cry over spilt milk? Every defect is an embryonic asset—even the versatility of a Crichton."*

IN 1893 visitors to the World's Exposition at Chicago looked down on the Windy City and Lake Michigan from a terrifying but spectacular contrivance known as the Ferris Wheel.

In the Paris of which I write a favorite place for the settling of gentlemanly differences was the immediate neighborhood of *La Grande Roue.* Traveling by way of London, the Ferris Wheel had come to delight the Parisians.

Now the base of *La Grande Roue* on one side and the office of the management on the other formed a sort of court, and there, in the early morning, swords could be crossed without any disagreeable consequences except those of a purely surgical order.

Our encounter was inevitable, nor should the blame be laid at Lord Elgin's door. His friend, the army officer, and the two newspaper men had seen the blow. At that period if a man in like circumstances had not fought he would have been laughed out of Paris or at least out of that section of Parisian life which counted.

Hence it came about that on a certain October morning beside the great wheel there were provided swords and doctors for two.

The dawn was a miserable failure—a torn blanket of mist and sad beyond all imagining. I remember looking through the spokes of *La Grande Roue* to the apartment houses along the *Champ de Mars* and getting no comfort either in the foreground or the background.

There is a sensation which the Bab Ballads describe as *all-overish.* Before a championship football game one inclines to the all-overish feeling; also on other select occasions. But as I waited in the chilly morning to begin my one and only duel, I didn't feel all-overish in the least. I had only that numbness which is the child of self-reproach.

Coats and vests removed, white-shirted, sleeves rolled up, looking like heroes of rival melodramas, we faced each other. There were six official spectators and perhaps ten gaping unofficial ones, the latter shooed to a discreet distance. Following a coin toss the swords brought along by my party had been chosen; the French officer who had been selected to direct the combat stepped back; and with ghastly *élan* Lord Elgin and I set about the delicate process of spitting each other.

NOW, though I had quite made up my mind that I should let him cut six capillaries along my right arm for the salving of honor, I soon found that I had planned more than I could well carry out. Lord Elgin was in earnest and, as a well-trained swordsman, I fought back; thrusting, parading, parrying, and attacking again. Despite my best efforts, instinctively I did it.

The first three minutes ended with a growing irritation on both sides and with every capillary intact. Indeed I was about ready to abandon my idea of self-sacrifice and had almost decided that whatever capillary cutting was necessary I would take care of myself.

The rest over, we started again. But when I ventured to press the battle in the second *reprisa* Lord Elgin paid me back in my own coin. He went in for blood, lunging with a vengeance.

Now it is all very well in far America to say that the modern duel is about as dangerous as a game of tennis, but there are duels and duels. And sometimes, even in this Twentieth Century, it is the undertaker who wins.

Before many seconds all the devil in me was awake and I began to try quite as earnestly as Lord Elgin. For a moment or two the lookers on, I'm sure, had a bit of rare entertainment—Crichton against Crichton. To add to our individual skill, and we were amateurs of standing, we had fenced together often enough so that we knew each other's play to the last twist. Thrust and parry were automatic in their timing and accuracy.

I do not know why it came to such an early end. I was not tired and seemed to be easily holding my own. I'm inclined to think it was a foot that slipped a little and made my recovery a fraction of a second too late. At any rate there came a shock and pain at my right side and, without in the least willing it, I dropped the sword to clutch at my ribs.

"I'm hit," I muttered. Mechanically I repeated it. "I'm hit."

BUT as I staggered back to hold a balance I found myself staring fascinated at Lord Elgin, who faced me with eyes like saucers and a peculiar grimace wrying his mouth. I looked at him, my interest divided between keeping on my feet and wondering why he was making such faces.

All this must have happened very quickly because I remember the others had not yet moved.

There seemed to be a fly buzzing about my head. I raised my right hand to brush it away and was conscious that my face had become wet and sticky.

And at this Lord Elgin dropped his sword and tumbled to the ground.

"By the Three Musketeers," I mumbled to myself as an arm slipped back of my shoulders, "this is a record duel—we have killed each other."

But Lord Elgin had not been killed nor even wounded. As he lay there on the ground he became in my presence obviously and elaborately sick.

I started in a jocular way to tell him I was still on my feet and that if he couldn't stand the sight of blood I was going to declare myself winner when, with abruptness, *La Grande Roue* and the world in general were swamped by a black cloud which hadn't the vestige of a silver lining. When I woke up I was fast in bed and wanted water to put out half a dozen internal fires . . .

Life—what a tissue of meaningless fury it is. So ended the choicest and finest friendship I have ever known. And all because wine was red and thorns crackled under a pot.

Weeks later I discovered that Lord Elgin had personally installed me at the hospital and had made every arrangement for my care. But before I was walking about once more he had left Paris for Sicily on an excavating mission for one of the big museums.

I never set eyes on Lord Elgin again. Afterward, in 1912, he wrote me an apologetic letter; he'd been too ashamed. I answered, assuring him that the apologies were all on my side. During two years and more we kept up a warm correspondence and he was on the point of coming to visit me in America when the war broke out. He went into the French service as an interpreter and died of the flu somewhere near Salonica.

FOR me Paris was finished. As soon as I could I shook its dust from my feet and spent the next three years ranging from Dan to Beersheba. Like Kipling's Tramp Royal, I turned my hand to various occupations and knowing—thanks to Lord Elgin—my possibilities and my impossibilities, I made a pretty good living out of the world.

I ran guns to a bloodthirsty little gang of rebels in Macedonia, and on the strength of this lectured to various New York clubs on the Balkan question. I handled a wealthy neurasthenic with such tact and firmness that he wept when I departed and offered to double my good-sized salary. I taught bridge along the Pacific Coast and on the way back took a three months vacation in the vanishing West. At the end of two weeks it seemed to me that I was buckarooing it as well as Cheyenne Charley or the Panhandle Kid.

And in Kansas, on a bet, I substituted for the high diver at a street carnival and made the plunge twice without killing myself. But I'd fooled with high diving before. I promoted half a dozen enterprises, semi-successfully but honestly—I don't have to explain how honesty cramps a promoter's style. And for some weeks I visited the haunts and homes of plutocracy, selling to gilded digestive systems a new and improved program of setting-up exercises.

I lived well. I kept my bank account in such condition that I was never absolutely tied down. I started nothing that didn't promise to be interesting and wasn't certain to be short.

Though I could have cheated often and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
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What Makes an Athlete?

IN next week's Liberty "Hurry-Up Yost" names the qualities necessary to become an athlete. If you possess these assets you will be a star in any line of endeavor. If you don't, you must develop them. What they are, their relative importance, and how you can develop them, you'll find in

"What Makes an Athlete?"

By

Fielding H. Yost

Athletic Director and Football Coach of the University of Michigan

Next Wednesday at All Newsstands 5c

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

safely, I didn't. That's something. Even in sentimental matters I believe I played fair, which is hard work, as any will testify. There are plenty of amourettes in my history, but no broken hearts.

Not a model life. Still, as the bard says:

If you were I you'd never be
The lamentable mess that's Me;
And I should decorate Who's Who—
That is to say, if I were you.

Many a time, too, I've been consoled by the revelation that I was not the only Crichton in the world. In fact, I've run across a lot of 'em: from an Englishman in Rome who at fifty-eight was going in for portrait painting, to a Nebraska banker (presumably reformed) who asked my advice about buying one of the South Sea Islands: object — the study of folklore; the culture of coconuts; and, with the revenues gained by this latter industry, the exploration of the Antarctic.

Another cheering thought to me has been a theory of Lord Elgin's.

"Reincarnation," he used to say, "is a fact. Of course the average colorless person has inherited a little gray soul from another average person. But Crichton's soul is a patchwork of twenty different and uniformly high grade intelligences. It carries bits of Shelley, Napoleon, Benjamin Franklin, and Benvenuto Cellini. Hence the diversity of his ambitions and the fact that he never gets anywhere." . . . Idiotic but consoling and pleasanter to think on than the new psychology.

THERE is a curious detached fragment of this period of my life which I have chosen to detail because it shows the sort of thing to which a foot-loose Crichton is liable.

Shortly after quitting Paris for New York I ran on to a Broadway publicity agent known to me from the days of my footlight venture. He stopped me.

"Say, Haskins, you can turn your hand to a lot of things. Not?"

I admitted that in a modest way I was thus blessed.

"Got an education, too—mathematics?"

Another admission.

"I got wind of something pretty soft but nutty." He shook his head. "Nutty. The man that tackles it is a fool—but I dunno."

In the strictest confidence he unfolded the tale. A new-fledged millionaire, as eccentric as rich, wanted to cross the Atlantic by balloon — a world-shaking enterprise in those days. He needed a pilot.

"Well, why doesn't he get one?" I demanded.

The publicity man laughed. "He's waiting. If he gets a good one he's afraid the pilot will take all the credit. Suspicious guy. He's after a clever unknown. Somebody's going to string him—why not you?"

In the end I looked up the gentleman, whose eccentricity was quite as represented, and, after some unmerciful bluffing, saw myself accepted as the future pilot. This arranged, I settled down to learn enough about navigation to take bearings. On the side I managed ascents with a couple of professionals and came to the conclusion that, aside from a few live-or-die-plays, all the balloon pilot has to do is to sit pretty and keep on living as long as possible.

WHILE the big, cigar-shaped airboat, planned by a thoughtful engineer, began to take shape, my millionaire decided on a preliminary trip into the blue. He had procured a spherical balloon, and one morning when all nature smiled we took flight.

Unhappily a current carried us far to the north and into a windy thunderstorm. The lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and eventually the wind blew. Hair raising were the hours that dragged by before I managed to set the boss once more on solid earth.

But he was not grateful. He swore long and violently and accused me of trying to immolate him on the soil of Canada. To all this I responded in such pure and vigorous Anglo-Saxon that he gasped, and discharged me without a character. The next day work on the cigar-shaped airboat stopped—never to be resumed.

During all the eight years I don't believe I had ever really forgotten Vera, though I tried. Sometimes I used to think I had succeeded, but always she was waiting in the background of my thoughts, and a word or a sudden memory would make her stand out as vividly as though we'd said good-by the day before.

Twice I'd seen myself in a stew over rumors of her marriage; once it was an Italian count, once a fashionable portrait painter. And twice I'd drawn a long breath and settled back as contented as the dog in the manger. Vera was still looking, I decided, for that rare bird—the youthful genius, successful, rich, attractive, and entirely surrounded by interesting people.

By virtue of succeeding summers and winters Vera had become twenty-eight, while I had reached the mature age of thirty-five. A little patch of gray hair flanked my left temple.

Vera again—The final installment of King of the Campus, in next week's Liberty, sends the loyal Buck back to call on her as she is about to marry a banker. Read of his call and the surprising conclusion of Mr. Winslow's entertaining novel.

The climax of the sensational legal battle. Prominent figures in the scene are (1) Judge Caverly; (2) State's Attorney Crowe; Attorneys (3) Walter Bachrach (4) Clarence Darrow, and (5) Benjamin Bachrach, for the defense; the defendants (6) Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., and (7) Richard Loeb.

Not INSANITY *but* MENTAL ILLNESS

An Analysis of the Defense in the LOEB-LEOPOLD TRIAL

—the Most Remarkable in the History of Our Criminal Law

By GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK and JOHN HERRICK

Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?
Liberty Will Pay $1,000 for Its Readers' Opinions
SEE PAGE 61

The last act in the tragic drama opens, as the steel doors of Joliet Penitentiary swing open and Leopold (center) and Loeb (right) glimpse the surroundings which are to be theirs for life.

THIS is the third and last of a series of articles, each of which, however, is complete in itself.

In their first story Mr. and Mrs. Herrick defined the revolutionizing effect which the trial of young Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb seems destined to have upon the enforcement of our criminal law.

For many decades the law has not held an insane man responsible for his acts. It has defined insanity as a man's inability to distinguish right from wrong. Conversely, if a man is sane enough to know he is committing a wrongful act, the law has regarded him as sane enough to suffer punishment for it.

Counsel for the two young university honor students who kidnaped and murdered fourteen-year-old Robert Franks for the "thrill" they imagined the experience would afford them, attacked that definition.

It failed, they said, to keep pace with the advance of science. Psychiatrists have found maladies of the mind which do not involve a man's ability to distinguish right from wrong, and yet are capable of influencing him to disregard his moral perceptions and act in an unlawful manner.

The second article in the series described in detail how the defense was presented in court; and the following article forecasts what some of the results of the trial are destined to be.

THE FIRST definite result of the Loeb-Leopold trial is at hand.

As this article is written, a news dispatch from Springfield, Illinois, announces that Governor Small has given Bernard Grant, sentenced to be hanged in the Cook County Jail on October 17, a reprieve until January.

Grant is nineteen years old, approximately the age of Leopold and Loeb. In company with another young ruffian he was convicted of killing Policeman Ralph Souders in Chicago a few weeks before the two university honor students kidnaped and murdered little Bobby Franks.

After Leopold and Loeb had been sentenced to life imprisonment, young Grant was able to recall that he, too, had suffered from day dreams in his boyhood, but his family circumstances had not been affluent enough to permit him to bring these matters formally to the attention of the trial court. Indeed, young Grant had not been aware that much attention would be paid to day dreams in the processes of the law. Accordingly, he went before a jury in the usual manner, interposed an alibi of which his twelve peers did not think any too highly, and was duly sentenced to the noose—a fate which he accepted as philosophically as he might.

When, however, his two youthful contemporaries in murder escaped with a life sentence for a crime which was at least as aggravated as his own, he was not long in making his protests heard.

Grant's ultimate fate at the governor's hands —like the eventual destiny of Leopold and Loeb —is for the future to reveal; and it is not particularly important from the public standpoint what happens to any of the young men. What matters is the way in which the wind seems to blow.

Justice never has been—and never can be—more than an approximation. Laws themselves represent a compromise between liberty in its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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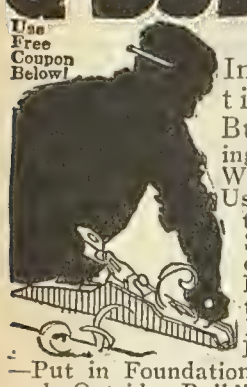

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

broadest sense and the degree of liberty which it is safe for society to permit the individual to enjoy.

It follows that any code, which must be applied in such a broad way, will prove unfair in certain instances. But it must be remembered that there are two sides to justice's balance. There must be justice for those accused of crime, and there must be justice for society, which depends upon the enforcement of its laws to protect itself from chaos.

As Judge Caverly pointed out in sentencing Leopold and Loeb to life imprisonment, an examination of almost any criminal probably will reveal mental disorders as important as those from which the alienists for the defense found the slayers of the Franks boy to be suffering. Their counsel argued, furthermore, that the crime was *in itself* the best evidence of the defendants' abnormality—and in that position Judge Caverly in part concurred.

On either score the aspect of the Loeb-Leopold trial is sinister. If fantasies, "split personalities," and egocentric philosophies of life are to be considered as mitigating circumstances in crime, it is a safe conjecture that not many more criminals will be brought to the bar in full possession of their mental health.

HARDLY less dangerous is the assumption that any crime, *in itself*, can be accepted as evidence of abnormality: for if that is admitted, society assumes the obligation to regard any crime as abnormal in some degree, and every criminal as a lunatic of one sort or another.

Where such a fantastic practice would lead us is a different speculation. But one thing is certain. The punishment of crime would have to be discontinued, and malefactors be treated in hospitals where lazy men might force the state to support them for the rest of their lives by the simple expedient of picking a pocket. This is sentimental hokum of the worst character.

On the other hand, none who attended the Leopold-Loeb hearing could doubt that the two youths were abnormal in some subtle way—perhaps in the exact way that the alienists retained in their behalf asserted. And toward the formation of that opinion the evidence of the state's witnesses, who described their crime, made probably the most important contribution.

It is fortunate in this situation that society is not under the obligation to be entirely just—that a compromise is permissible. And, offensive as it is likely to prove to the relatively small minority which delights to act in strict accordance with the dictates of its reason, a compromise probably will be reached.

Fantasies and split personalities will find a place in the law. The death penalty for murder may be abolished. But penitentiaries won't be replaced with hospitals—not, at any rate, until the average citizen has less cause to fear the loss of his worldly goods than he now has to dread the larceny of his life in an epidemic of homicides. If, of course, the day ever comes when the rank and file of society feels itself in imminent danger of being dispatched out of existence by its fantasy-ridden members, it is plausible to suppose that psychiatry will retire, and the hemp return to favor. But that is neither here nor there.

Not all criminals are sick men.

Criminals, many doctors believe, are the product of heredity and environment — men whose minds may have been molded at birth so that they may, more easily than is normal, receive criminal impressions.

ENVIRONMENT may shape such minds in two ways. Wholesome influences may be strong enough to prevent a criminal act. Or disastrous stimuli may turn them in the other direction.

Such was the doctors' theme at the Franks hearing.

The man who murders another during a quarrel has a reason. The poor man who steals to feed a starving family has a reason. The immediate stimulus is so great that it breaks down all the carefully built up barriers of self-restraint. In such cases the question of insanity or abnormal mentality seldom arises, so normal and understandable are the reasons.

But two millionaires' sons, youngest graduates, pillowed among all the luxuries that money, kindly home treatment, and education could bring, who murdered for $10,000 and the "thrill and excitement of it," exhibited reasons abnormal and baffling.

Not mentally diseased in the sense that disease meant a germ invasion, but mentally diseased in the sense that the channels of their reactions were warped and twisted by heredity and environment, the defense alienists found.

Such are the sick men, said the doctors, criminals whose reactions are strange and misplaced like those of Leopold and Loeb. And, seizing with gratitude on the prominence of the case, they sent out into the homes of millions the message they had been striving to bring home for so long.

The "unique defense" did not appear full born in Chicago for the first time on August 17, when Dr. William A. White of Washington, D. C., took the stand. It was the result of years of investigation and striving by representatives of both professions to bring medi-

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

cine and law into more intimate contact.

The science of psychology and its offspring science, psychiatry, are still in their infancy, lacking even a universal vocabulary which enables one member of the profession always to be understood by another. Yet its premise seems logical enough.

Jack Dempsey can take, without blinking, a blow that might kill a ribbon clerk. So, too, one man, provided by heredity and training with a hardy mind, can withstand the shock of a temptation to which another, with weakened intellect, would succumb.

We can still maintain that every individual has a responsibility to society and that he is answerable for that responsibility. We can still maintain this, and yet see that between the man who is sane and therefore fully responsible, and the man who is insane and therefore not at all responsible for what he does, there must be varying degrees of mentality with varying degrees of responsibility.

THIS is what Attorney Darrow would have the public see. This is what the doctors would have the legislators see. But the man in the street realizes that much remains to be improved before such theories can be put into practice. One of the things he is skeptical about is this business of putting partisan medical experts on the stand.

When the doctor appears in the courtroom nowadays, it is as a partisan expert—a rôle as foreign to the very nature of his profession as it would be for two groups of astronomers to accept partisan commissions to learn whether Mars is inhabited.

Not only laymen, but also many of the far-seeing theorists, believe that this state of affairs must change. The theorists who hail the "unique defense" as a progressive step, see in the medical profession the sole way of getting at the truth, if this new system of "excuse by mental illness" is to fill its proper place in future criminal hearings.

As it is, the average trial in which the insanity issue is the critical one only too often degenerates into a relay race between two teams of alienists. A bewildered jury sits by and frequently finds it easier to measure the medical opinions rather by the way each individual alienist presents his report than by any scientific yardstick.

There is the so-called "professional expert," for instance. His very familiarity with the witness chair and court procedure may often enable him to make a better impression than does his more scientific brother.

Though the Leopold-Loeb hearing was an extreme example of partisan testimony, the very discussions that it aroused helped point the way to a solution of the problem of doctors in the courtroom.

The "unique defense," with its request by Attorney Darrow for a conference of psychiatrists representing both the state and itself to determine the defendants' mental condition, may be a step toward the goal to which certain learned individuals have long been leaning.

Of course, it may have been strategy which prompted the defense to request the conference. The state, in denying it, hinted as much. Or it may have been a sincere desire to get at the truth, as Attorney Benjamin Bachrach, of counsel for the defense, assured the court a few minutes after the boys had pleaded guilty.

"We obtained our alienists by telling them to report truthfully the defendants' exact condition," Mr. Bachrach said. "The ordinary insanity hearing is much like a vaudeville show. Such a hearing consists usually of a lot of arguments, bickerings, and denials, one set of alienists saying one thing, the other set saying just the opposite.

"If a joint conference were to be held, a résumé of the facts could be made in a coherent and connected statement without dragging out publicly every last miserable and atrocious detail."

STATE'S ATTORNEY CROWE reminded the court that he was prosecuting a murder case, not staging an experiment for research workers in psychology. He denied the defense's request.

So the hearing did become a battle of alienists. And so the man in the street heard the bewildering array of psychiatric findings, bewildering enough when presented in the ordinary insanity case, doubly bewildering in this borderline defense.

The next time, perhaps, or possibly fifty or a hundred years from now, one set of facts will be prepared by alienists called by the court and paid out of the court funds. And at these trials of the future the alienists will be given every opportunity to examine the defendants and will be charged with the duty of testifying to the facts they find, without thought of aiding one side or the other.

"I am not arguing for or against anything. I am trying to get the facts before this court," Dr. William Healy, expert for the defense, declared at the Leopold-Loeb hearing. And perhaps he was really speaking for the physician of the future.

The judge himself, in permitting the defense to present evidence of mental illness in mitigation of a crime was perhaps speaking for the jurist of the future. And public opinion in its reactions to what it read about the fantasies of "Babe" and "Dickie" was also building for the future. It began thinking about its own fantasies.

Across the breakfast table, in the office, and at the club, men and women were set watching their own behavior and that of their neighbor, and they began to conjecture more intelligently as to what it all meant.

Considered thus far the Franks case seems to have been a significant milestone pointing toward a more progressive criminal jurisprudence. But it is not all as simple as this. For there are other obstacles in the path of this progress.

Take this matter of partisan medical testimony. Can it be done away with as easily as the theorist would have us believe? Is the doctor fundamentally more honest than a lawyer? This is a question that the layman may ask in all fairness.

Are there not also dangers if the suggestion is carried out that doctors hereafter be called only by the court and give evidence only for the court's enlightenment? Lawyers must take sides, it has been found: prosecution and defense. And it is in the bitter battle of the courtroom, rather than through some legal joint conference system, that the truth is more likely to come out. May not the same be true with doctors?

As long as capital punishment remains on the statute books—and there must be a swing in human nature before it is stricken off for good—the men who argue in favor of partisan medical experts have a strong talking point.

The doctor's business, they say, is to save life. Can he, they ask quite logically, be expected to go into court and testify without prejudice in a case where the state, under the law, has the right to demand that the criminal be punished by the death penalty?

There is still another obstacle to the march

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOULD CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BE ABOLISHED?

IN THE penetrating series of articles by Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, of which this is the last, the writers lean to the conclusion that in the future capital punishment may and should be abolished.

DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS OPINION?

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

of progress that some believe may have started in Judge Caverly's courtroom.

Strange it is, and paradoxical, but if the logic of the defense in the Franks case is followed to its end, those eligible for hanging will be only those criminals whose reasons for their crimes appear most normal to the popular mind —and perhaps in many cases attended by the most mitigating circumstances, at least from the layman's point of view.

THE plain, understandable crimes rising from violated homes, hot quarrels, and impassioned jealousy will be the only ones, according to this theory, in which a normal mentality has committed the deed. The atrocious crimes, like that of Leopold and Loeb, horrifying because of their very lack of motive, will be inevitably the ones in which the doctors will raise the warning cry of "sick men," and advise hospitalization instead of hanging.

The unwritten law already excuses crime in cases of the dishonored home. If the "unique defense" is really to be the parent of legislation recognizing "mental illness," then the laws regulating punishment will also have to be changed. If they are not, the public is likely to create other unwritten laws to save the "criminal with a normal reason" from the relatively severe punishment to which he alone will be liable.

In other words, if hanging is a holiday when a "sick man" is hanged, as the physician insists it is, then the layman is going to see that the criminal whom he can understand and with whom he possibly can sympathize to a certain extent, is not made the victim of a holiday either.

It may take fifty years; it may take a hundred, before law and medicine between them will be able to work out the solution of the problem. Perhaps the "unique defense" will be lost and forgotten in the shuffle, but at least it will have started the shuffling.

Clarence Darrow said the future was on his side. Undoubtedly he had many past futures to support his claim. The history of criminal procedure and punishment seems to bear out his assertion that the treatment of the anti-social individual has been growing more and more just, both to the criminal and to society.

Wines in his well-known work on Punishment and Reformation gives the student of criminology this outline:

"There have been four distinct stages in the evolution of criminal law. The first was the era of vengeance, or retribution; the second, that of repression; the third, that of attempted reformation and rehabilitation; the fourth, of which we see as yet but the early dawn, is that of prevention."

Man's first conception of punishment for crime was that it lay in private hands. In America the old order still exists in isolated regions like the mountain districts of Kentucky, or in transplanted foreign colonies in large cities where vendetta warfare still goes on despite the police.

The next progressive step was to make punishment not a private right, but a state duty. The state and the church combined in a centuries-long effort to put down crime by setting up a code of hideous tortures and punishments.

Then came the idea of imprisonment as a punishment. And with the putting of criminals in cages for a period of years there came the chance to study them in some sort of scientific way.

Now, just as preventive medicine seems to be the study of the hour for the doctor, so preventive criminology seems to be the forward-looking task of the research worker who seeks to rid the world of crime.

Environment and heredity, the words which Lamarck and Darwin, Mendel and De Vries have made commonplaces in modern language, are being studied in regard to the criminal.

Police, imprisonment, capital punishment, may function well as deterrents of crime, but they do not prevent. The one sure way is to cease breeding criminals, and a new science which might be called eugenic criminology is growing up.

How does the "unique defense" fit into the scheme?

The hearing of the Franks case was the first time that modern methods of psychiatry, especially as they touched the adolescent child, were brought into every home in the country.

EUGENIC movements have come and gone, leaving little trace behind. In the two weeks during which the alienists in the Leopold-Loeb trial were on the witness stand, no matter whether our friend, "the man in the street," dubbed some of their theories "bunk," they probably did more to make people think about heredity and environment than all the eugenics movements put together.

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago's health commissioner, was a frequent visitor in the courtroom and he epitomized what must have been the feelings of many when he said:

"Let the judge decide what becomes of these two boys. I am here as a doctor, as a health commissioner; but above all, as the father of six children."

"If Leopold and Loeb, born of wealthy, respected families, and given every opportunity in the world, turned out to be criminals, what are the chances that some child of mine won't go wrong?" fathers and mothers are going to ask themselves.

SCIENTISTS are asking the same question, and are seeking an answer. The way of the home and the way of the laboratory are coming closer together.

Mental clinics have already been established in a few schools, with the idea of spotting and ticketing the unfit as soon as possible.

Had Leopold and Loeb been examined on May 20, instead of twelve days later, Robert Franks might be alive today, the defense doctors maintained. That lesson, too, is going to make it easier to establish more clinics in more and more schools throughout the country.

More clinics, greater coöperation between parent and scientist, and a more universal understanding of the causes which warp the minds of children and men and make them criminals—surely these are desirable.

Though it killed one boy and sent two others to the penitentiary for life, the Franks murder may conceivably save the lives of scores of other boys of the future.

In concluding the third and last of these three articles on Mental Illness: The Criminal's New Defense, it might be not amiss to remember Clarence Darrow's closing argument.

He was talking of hanging as a futile means of preventing crime.

"Perhaps all crimes do not have the same cause, but they all have some cause," he said. "And people today are seeking to find out that cause. Scientists are studying it, criminologists are investigating it, religionists have always believed in it, but we lawyers go on and on, hanging and punishing, and thinking that by general terror we can prevent crime.

"If a doctor were called in to treat typhoid fever he would probably try to find out what milk or water the patient had been drinking, and would, perhaps, order the well cleaned or the cow killed so that no one could thereafter be poisoned by them.

"Society should take its share of its case. It should not use it to make two more tragedies, but should use it to make life safer, to make childhood easier, to do something to cure the cruelty, the hatred, the chance, and the willfulness of life."

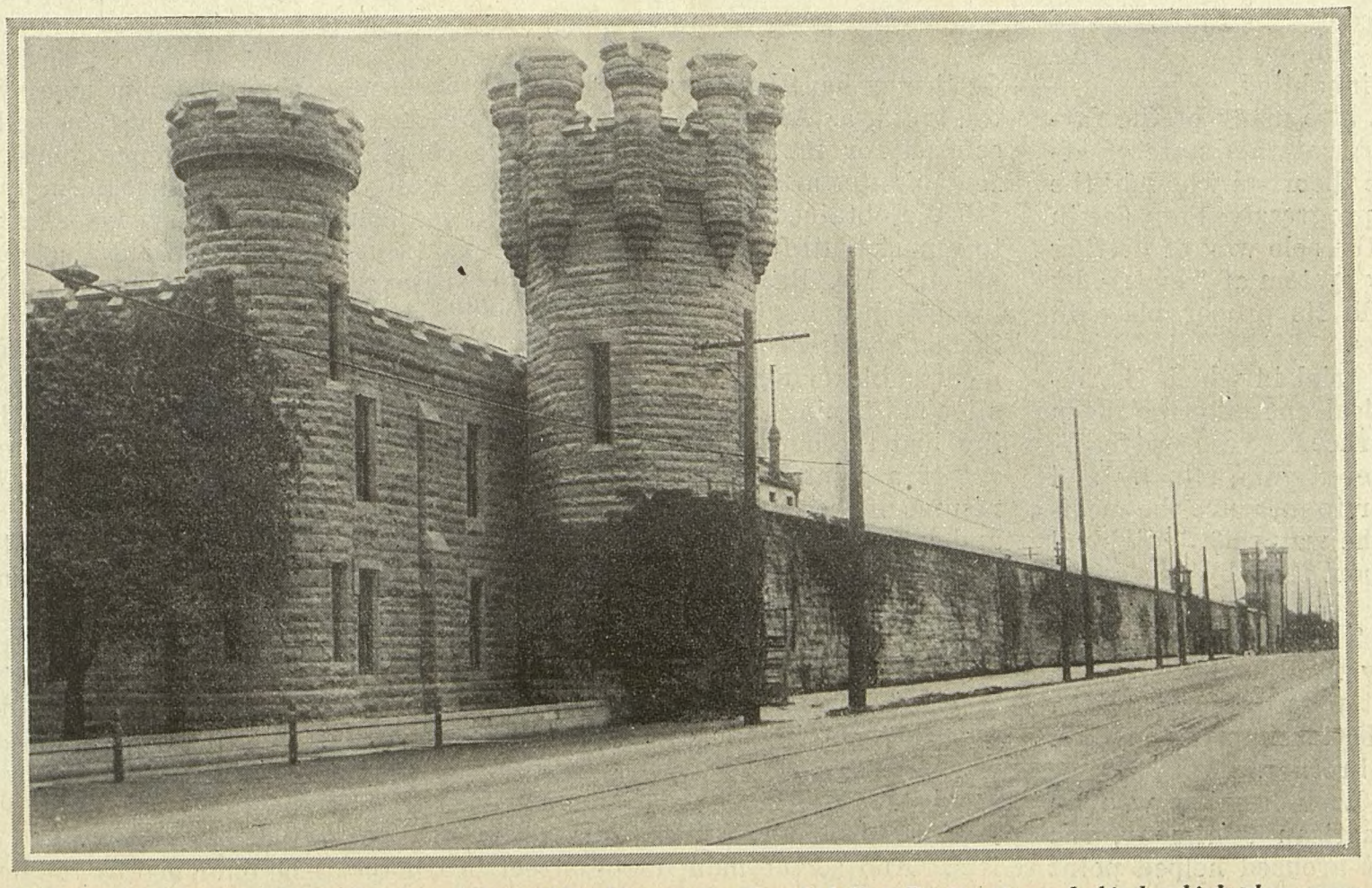
A defense attorney pleading to save his clients from the gallows. Take his statements, therefore, with a grain of salt. But weigh them, nevertheless. There must be something of truth in them.

The "unique defense" is bound to influence medicine.

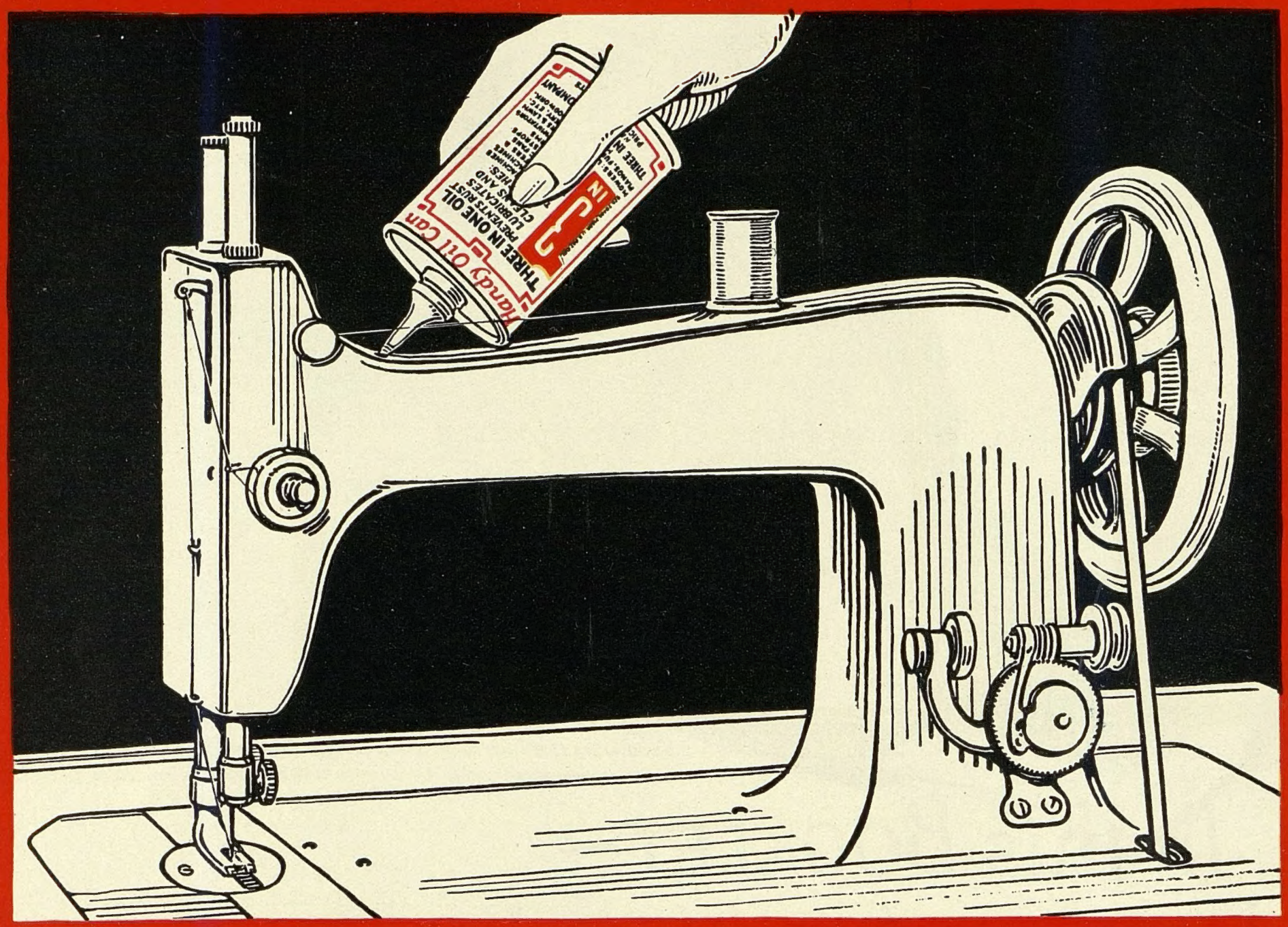
It is bound to influence criminal law.

But, above all, through the parent and the educator, it may improve the fundamental structure of society.

THE END



"The end of the story" for Loeb and Leopold—the gray walls of Joliet Penitentiary, behind which they were sentenced to finish their lives as a result of planning and executing the murder which "never would be detected"



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